

# THE *Sign*



# *Among those* **REMEMBERED**

**S**OMEONE has well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries.

Whatever you have you owe to Almighty God. It is fitting that gratitude prompt you to provide assistance for one or more of those institutions which are promoting His Kingdom upon earth.

Long after you have departed from this world your charity and generosity will be making possible magnificent achievements for His Cause. Your name will be held in prayerful memory by the zealous and needy missionaries whom you have helped.

Let Our Divine Lord be among those specially remembered when the hour comes for you to leave all that you possess.

May we, for His honor and glory and for the support of those who are laboring in fields afar, suggest that this definite provision be embodied in your last Will:

*I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of.....(\$ ) Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.*



**THE SIGN** UNION CITY  
NEW JERSEY

# Fiction in Focus

By JOHN S. KENNEDY

*The Common Heart* by Paul Horgan  
*It Happened Like This* by A. S. M. Hutchinson  
*Mrs. Parkington* by Louis Bromfield  
*Night Shift* by Maritta Wolff  
*All Night Long* by Erskine Caldwell  
*The Cupid On The Stairs* by Howard Patch

WHILE the supply of light, romantic novels, of whodunits, and of adventure stories continues almost as abundant as usual, the quantity of serious fiction is just now somewhat meager. Perhaps this is a seasonal phenomenon; the prospects for the immediate future are more than faintly promising. Or perhaps the impact and the demands of the war on the novelist have been so considerable as to destroy both the tranquillity and the leisure required for reflection and writing.

*The Common Heart* by Paul Horgan

► There is some good news to report. It concerns Paul Horgan's *The Common Heart*, an excellent novel which barely misses being a superlative novel. Laid in New Mexico, it weaves together into an unusual pattern the lives of a number of people of various ages.

There is Peter Rush, a vigorous man, a first-rate physician and surgeon, an enthusiastic amateur of the beauty and the history of his native ground. There is his sensitive wife who has withdrawn from him and almost from life itself after the birth of their only child. There is his young son Donald, perplexed by the vaguely unhappy atmosphere of his physically comfortable home, a little removed from his father and altogether remote from his languid, unpredictable mother. There is the pretty divorcee, a novelist, who comes to town seeking to regain her health and becomes more than a patient to Dr. Rush. There are the Shoemakers, financially impoverished but rich in the intangibles which are the coin of good living. There are Bun and Martha, experiencing the volatile delights and torments of first love.

These Mr. Horgan draws to the life. He has resources of insight and sympathy which are indispensable to the novelist of stature. His drama is quietly played, but the touch is masterly. There is skillful change of pace, a tightening and a relaxing of tension which are never in the least artificial. I can imagine a reader complaining that the story moves slowly. In this case, that is a virtue, for the story grows and ripens naturally; nowhere is it forced; and at the last it is all but perfectly rounded. The author writes extremely well. The scenic background is painted in vivid words rather than merely described. This is the very satisfying, wisdom-rich work of a naturally gifted artist who has made conspicuous progress in the use of the novelist's tools.

(Harper, New York. \$2.50)

(Continued on last page)



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# Personal Mention

► The Editors of THE SIGN are pleased to announce that a new monthly feature has been added to the magazine, a column to be known as *Fiction in Focus*



written by Rev. John S. Kennedy. This Associate Editor of the *Hartford Catholic Transcript* is an authority in the field of English literature and a book critic of note. He will evaluate current fiction, indicating

those novels which can be read with both profit and entertainment by those who desire to know what is worthwhile in modern literature.

► Rev. Bonaventure Griffiths, C.P., begins a series of articles on the Sacred Passion, entitled *The Steps of Calvary*. Father Bonaventure is a true cosmopolite. He was born in Tipperary, Ireland, spent his early boyhood in Africa, was educated in India, England, Canada, and the United States. Following his ordination in 1931 he went to China as a Passionist Missionary. He is at present on furlough in the United States. His pen is a gifted one and his subject sublime. *The Condemnation* is the first of fourteen considerations in the great redemptive act of our Saviour. The illustrations are by Mario Barberis.



► Professor N. S. Timasheff was born in St. Petersburg, Russia in 1886. At the time of the Communist Revolution he was Associate Professor of Jurisprudence at the Polytechnical Institute of Petrograd, at the early age of thirty-one. Realizing the importance of the social experiment taking place before his eyes he collected all available data about it.



In 1921 he was forced to leave Russia. Since then he has taught in various European universities. Since coming to the U. S. he has taught at Harvard and is now Professor of Sociology at Fordham University. His article, *Religion in Russia Today*, is both authoritative and enlightening.

# THE Sign



Monastery Place, Union City, N. J.

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Cover photo, *The Capitol in Winter*—Harris & Ewing

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# Editorial

## Peace Plans Now

FOR A LONG TIME those who advocated planning now the postwar peace were accused of chasing butterflies. There will be plenty of time for planning, we were told, when the war is won.

We are gradually getting over such dangerous and silly notions. The truth is finally seeping through that if war requires tremendous preparations, peace demands even greater. We had an improvised peace in 1919 and it didn't last. One such failure is enough.

THERE IS an increasing and, we feel, a justified demand for a concrete program of postwar settlement. We already have general declarations of policy such as the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms. But these are not enough. To be of value they must be put into effect—and that is the crux of the question.

The ordinary American citizen doesn't know at present just what role he wants his country to play in the postwar world. He is pretty much settled in his own mind, however, that it should be somewhere between the extremes of prewar isolationism on the one hand and American policing of the world on the other.

There can be little doubt that the ordinary American has made up his mind that the United States must take a larger part in international affairs and assume a graver responsibility for maintaining the peace than in the past. But he would like to know in as great detail as circumstances permit, just what that part is going to be. Mr. John Q. Public will be asked to underwrite the peace terms, and it is essential that he have some rather definite ideas in advance as to just what he may be asked to underwrite. Woodrow Wilson's experience after the last war offers confirmation of this.

TRUE, we will not be alone in drawing up the peace. The United States is only one of the United Nations. Nevertheless, we must play a principal role in that epochal event.

We Americans are trusted and respected. It is well known that we are not animated by selfish motives, nor in search of territorial aggrandizement. It is a generally accepted fact that we are fighting for our ideals of freedom and peace. Clarification of our peace aims, therefore, will not only fire the spirit

of our own people, but will encourage our friends in conquered countries and dishearten our enemies.

LET US HAVE, for example, discussion and elaboration of the point in the Atlantic Charter which declares: "They (Britain and the United States) respect the rights of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live, and they wish to see sovereign rights and self-government restored to those who have been forcibly deprived of them."

Does this refer to Lithuania, Latvia, Esthonia, and Poland? Does it mean Korea, India, Malaya, and the Netherlands Indies? Does it concern only the colonies and dependencies of conquered nations, or does it refer to all peoples of the world capable of self-government?

An answer to these queries would be a long step toward clarifying what we Americans mean when we speak of a just and lasting peace.

IF WE HAD any hallucinations to the effect that it will be easy to establish a lasting peace after this war, they should have been shattered by Churchill's "We-mean-to-hold-our-own" speech and by Stalin's declaration that our help to Russia has been little effective. Both declarations were made with an eye to postwar settlements. Stalin's statement is the more dangerous, as it has about it the implication that Russia is carrying the burden of this war alone. It is an easy step from this premise to the conclusion that to the victors belong the spoils.

It would be a tragic mistake for us to do anything that would lessen in any way a complete agreement with our allies in prosecuting the present war to a victorious conclusion. It would be an equally tragic mistake, however, to come to the end of the war with our peace aims undefined. Let us make it clear to friend and foe that we will not be satisfied with nebulous declarations and high-sounding phrases. We mean to carry through after the war by putting into effect the ideals for which we are fighting.

*Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.*



# Current FACT AND COMMENT

**BY EXECUTIVE order** President Roosevelt has created a new War Manpower Commission and has named its administrator. Most extraordinary power goes with this appointment. The task to be done will tax the fullest physical and intellectual abilities of Paul V. McNutt, the head of the Commission.

## War Manpower Commission

His position calls for clearest thinking, the most expert decisions, the rarest tact and diplomacy in the exercise of his authority, and a prudence born of the needs of wartime, to adopt the best measures to attain ultimate victory over our enemies. Few thoughtful men will envy Mr. McNutt his present assignment. The genius of a superman is required to overcome perfectly the difficulties inherent in his position.

As one writer put it: "Paul V. McNutt, by Presidential decree, can now if he wishes, tell you whether you shall toss hand grenades in New Guinea or grease gears in Gary. He can pluck the farmer from his cornfield and plump him down in a shipyard; take the housewife from the kitchen and put her in the assembly line; take the stenographer from her desk and lift her to the seat of a tractor." It is needless to say he will not do any of these things without reason, but given the reason, he has the power to act.

The normal working forces of the United States have suffered from the necessity of creating the required Army, Navy, and Air units demanded by the actual prosecution of the war. Eventually 9,000,000 men will be so engaged. On the other hand it is estimated that 20,000,000 warworkers will be needed during 1943 to equip and supply the armed forces. More than 10,000,000 farmers must help to feed the country, our allies, and starving neutrals, while 23,000,000 must engage in civilian industries. Experts say that 7,000,000 workers in civilian industries must be transferred to war industry; 5,000,000 women must be recruited for factory work; and 1,200,000 boys and girls must lend their help.

To harness the manpower of the country most effectively and efficiently, to organize various control agencies, to satisfy employers and employees from Maine to Florida and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, to regiment a free people into a production army and a fighting force are in broadest outline some of the details of Paul V. McNutt's job. It is no wonder that he has been given dictatorial power. He needs it, and more.

The accomplishment of the tremendous undertaking is another matter. Time will reveal the success or the failure of the greatest delegation of power to an individual in the history of our nation. But a few general

observations can be made, and some conclusions drawn.

The United States will get a generous taste of some features of National Socialism. It will understand from the wartime needs of the country what those people in other lands have had as a permanent feature of governmental control. It will recognize the worth of our democratic institutions. It will be, after the war, in better position to know whether radicals, Communists, foreign agitators, should be given voice in determining the policy of a free people.

It is consoling to note that the concluding paragraph of President Roosevelt's Executive order states: "This order shall take effect immediately and shall continue in force and effect until the termination of Title I of the First War Powers Act, 1941." It would be disastrous, indeed, if such power once possessed would of its very nature, tend to perpetuate itself. America has been informed beforehand that the Manpower Commission is only a wartime emergency measure.

THE members of the Administrative Board of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, speaking in the name of the American Hierarchy, made the following

## Protestantism in Ibero-America

statement relative to promoting good will between the nations of the Western Hemisphere, "Every effort made to rob them (Ibero-Americans) of their Catholic religion or to ridicule it or to offer them a substitute for it is deeply resented by the peoples of those countries and by American Catholics. These efforts prove to be a disturbing factor in our international relations." Putting on this cap as fitting themselves, the delegates of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America have formulated a statement on "Our Heritage of Religious Freedom." This statement takes issue with the view expressed by the Catholic Bishops. Without any desire to promote religious controversy and without having the space or the inclination to analyze all the questions raised by the statement on "Our Heritage of Religious Freedom," we feel that at least a few salient points should be called into question.

It is simply not true that religious freedom has been "associated historically with the Protestant expression of the Christian religion." This holds not only for Europe but also for our own country. That religious freedom has been written into the Constitution of the United States was due primarily to political necessity and was in no way a logical result of "the Protestant expression of the Christian religion." We also repudiate the implication that this country is "committed by

tradition and experience to favoring complete religious liberty in all parts of the world" because the United States is a Protestant country "in which the great majority of those who make religious profession are members of denominations born of the Protestant Reformation." We would call attention to the expression "who make religious profession," for if we exclude Catholics there are a far greater number of people in our land who profess no religion whatsoever than adhere to all the variations of Protestantism. Taking this into consideration we fear that the Federal Council of Churches may be confusing freedom of religion with the prevalent indifferentism to all religion. After all there is quite a difference.

As to the exact point at issue it would be well for the Federal Council of Churches to recall that at the root of the aloofness of Ibero-American nations has been the fear of Yankee imperialism, whether cultural, financial, territorial, or some combination of these. Unfortunately, most of the Protestant missionaries and representatives of other United States interests who have gone to these countries have done little or nothing to alleviate this tension. In fact they have generally aggravated it.

When the Catholic Bishops of the United States, therefore, suggested that it would be a real contribution toward furthering the Good Neighbor policy with Ibero-Americans if Protestant organizations ceased attempts to evangelize the Catholics of those countries, they were not speaking merely as Catholics interested in the welfare of their Church throughout the world. They were also speaking as loyal Americans and repeating only what has been said many times by well informed non-Catholic authorities.

UNLESS it is given a new lease on life by Congress, the Tolan Committee will go out of existence on January 6, 1943. During a session in which Congress was accused

### The Tolan Committee

The reports on its investigations offer the best source of information available both to Congress and the country on migration and its impact on the community; the conversion of industry to war and priority unemployment; utilization of smaller and medium-sized businesses for the war effort; problems of enemy-alien control; manpower mobilization; and mobilization for total war. The ground covered is vast, but the investigations were intelligent and painstaking.

The problem of migration will be with us during and after the war, and it is perhaps in this field that the Tolan Committee has performed its greatest service. It has held hearings in over twenty-five cities, traveling some 70,000 miles in its search for the facts. The vision of the members of the committee can be understood when one realizes that they saw as well as heard. It is quite different sitting in a resplendent committee room on Capitol Hill listening to an academic interpretation of an array of statistics reeled out by some bureaucrat, and seeing some of the human wrecks which are hidden behind "percentages." Defense housing becomes important when you hear a nervous, skinny man tell you how he thought he was going to make a better life for

his wife and five children by taking a job in one of the nation's big shipyards, but instead found landlords who "won't take kids" and had to journey four hours daily back and forth to work from a deserted house at the edge of the city. When the same witness pulls out a fistful of dollar bills and tells you they won't buy a bed in any maternity ward in the city for his wife, who is about to bear him another child, hospitals and medical care cease being matters of politics and become matters of humanity.

We hope that the new Congress will do itself and the country the great service of providing for the continuance of the work of the Tolan Committee.

DR. ERNEST L. STEBBINS, Health Commissioner of New York City, recently said that he will make every effort to have employees of the Health Department give courses to the youth of the city in what is euphoniously called "sex hygiene." His statement was inspired by the fact that the Board of Superintendents

had rejected a plan to introduce the course into the school curriculum.

The controversy has brought out some horrible facts. The Health Commissioner is gravely concerned and rightly so because the known cases of venereal infection in high school pupils between fifteen and nineteen years of age had, during the past year, increased by twenty-two per cent for one type and thirty per cent for another type of virulent infection. Shocking as the situation is, more shocking is the remedy suggested. "An educational program is the only way I can see to halt the spread of disease," says the doctor. And what program does the medical man suggest? Evidently it is to impart knowledge of prophylactic means of not getting caught for he goes on to say, "District Health officers are quite capable of giving a course that the board does not have if it saw fit to give them the opportunity." Nothing is said about imparting a knowledge of God, a knowledge of religion, a knowledge of morality, or training the will. To the Commissioner this may be just a medical problem but to thinking people it is far more.

Coming at a time when the newspapers are almost daily carrying accounts of public school teachers being assaulted by pupils or their parents and on the heels of the direct appeal of the teachers to the police for protection from reprisals for maintaining discipline in the schools, it ought to set the decent citizens of New York City thinking. While thinking over this situation we suggest that New Yorkers recall the bitter fight made by certain members of the School Board against the proposal to grant public school children one hour of time each week for religious instruction.

Perhaps the revelation of nasty conditions in the school system will make the opponents of religious instruction become advocates of granting more time than the totally inadequate one hour a week for giving the rising generation courses in religion and morality. We doubt it. As for ourselves there comes to mind the line from Hamlet where Marcellus pithily summed up an odorous situation, "Something is rotten in the state of Denmark." We say the same of New York City and wonder about other cities.

### Sex Hygiene in High Schools



NO ONE will deny the right of unions to safeguard workers from excessive burdens and excessive speed of work. Equally no one will deny the demand for sacrifice

### Unions and the War Requirements

battles with the unchecked powers of capitalism. Tremendous production of ships, armaments, foodstuffs are required to win the war. One of the great bottlenecks in industry at the moment is the shortage of skilled labor. It is useless to complain now that during depression years comparatively few were apprenticed to the very trades in which present shortages are most acute. Unions can help in the existing emergency by repealing practices which slow production.

For example: an electrical union in one city refused to install equipment made outside the state. The condition was made that such equipment be disassembled and then reassembled at the site of the job. In another state the union agreed to install prefabricated pipe only on the condition that the threads of the pipe be cut off and new threads be cut at the job site. Certain local unions restricted the use of the spray-gun in painting, demanding the slower process of brush work. One local union demanded that every truck entering the city have a local driver in addition to the driver already employed. Certain local unions demand that when temporary power and light are needed on a construction job, there must be a maintenance electrician, one not allowed to work on the job—which practice has led in many instances to the man doing nothing but throwing a switch at the beginning and end of the day.

When the war is over and won the credit for victory will rest not merely on the armed forces of the nation, no matter how great their courage, bravery, sacrifice, or even their death. Labor has a vital part in winning a war, an honorable part. With victory still to be won—no isolated or common practices of unions which impede the war effort should be tolerated by leaders.

It is with deep regret that we announce to our readers the death of Enid Dinnis. This long-time contributor to THE SIGN died recently in her London home at the age of sixty-nine. In 1897 Miss Dinnis became a convert to Catholicism. How deeply she

### Enid Dinnis

was imbued with the Faith was reflected in her writings. She told simple stories about simple people, people whose lives were tinged with the mysticism of religion, people who knew God and worshiped Him. Her short stories were not popular in the present acceptance of the term, that character, plot, and environment must needs be interlarded with the seamy side of life. Neither did she find it necessary to make her heroes or heroines so saintly that one might imagine their like could not be found on earth. She wrote of real people, quaint some of them were, old-fashioned in contrast to modern mode of story writing, but none the less interesting. It was her particular gift to fashion material from the ordinary affairs of life, and make her characters expressive of the Faith.

Many readers will miss Enid Dinnis' stories. THE SIGN has lost a valued contributor. May she rest in peace!

THE SIGN's choice for the best moving picture of the year is named in the Stage and Screen Department of this issue. The film chosen is *Yankee Doodle Dandy*, the life-story of the late, lamented George M. Cohan.

### The Picture of the Year

This production is based in part on the musical biography of Broadway's Favorite Son first presented by the Drama Department of the Catholic University in Washington. The career of this eminent actor was worthy of the best Hollywood effort. And it received such treatment. A judiciously selected cast, an excellent script, a balanced blending of comedy and drama, skillful direction, all contributed to making a picture of worth for the entire family audience.

Once again it has been demonstrated that the formula for a great picture need not contain any ingredients offensive to good taste, nor the addition of those elements subtle or open which force a Legion of Decency classification as objectionable in part or condemned.

THE dawn of 1943 finds the United States entering the second year of total war. On far-flung battle fronts our armed forces engage the enemy. No ocean knows the

### Spiritual Inventory

pursuit of peaceful commerce. No continent is unaffected by the struggle. No nation, neutral, friendly, or enemy carries on its life as usual. For the world, war as brutal as man can devise and as destructive as science can accomplish, is the order of the day. The beginning of the new year should be a time of inventory, inventory not merely of the natural resources of our country, or its industrial capabilities, or its actual contribution to the tide of victory which seems to be turning favorably for the United Nations. There is the far more important inventory to be made, the spiritual stocktaking, which will reveal the condition of the soul of our people.

Facts must be faced, spiritual facts and possibilities. War means suffering. Fighting men and non-combatants alike share this time-old result of battle. Casualty lists are published and those at home learn of sons and husbands who have died in fighting. Americans there are who know the daily torture of concentration or prison camp routine. Their living death is shared by relatives who can readily imagine horrors even more acute than those actually endured.

There are the lesser inconveniences at home of meatless days and the regimentation of rationing. There are the financial burdens of higher taxation and the increased cost of living. There is the disruption in home-life caused by longer working hours or change of shifts, and the entrance of more women into industry which requires living away from home.

Wartime presents a challenge to man's faith in God. His goodness, mercy, and justice. It offers him the opportunity to do penance for personal and national sins. It gives him the occasion for daily cross-bearing. The spiritual possibilities of these days should not be missed. The sacrifices entailed by war must be borne with virtue or without it. It would be spiritual folly to ignore the ascetic advantages of these days. An inventory of soul gains or losses might well be in order, as a proper way to begin a new year.



# Religion in Russia Today

By N. S. TIMASHEFF



*In recent months the Soviet Government has relaxed some of its oppressive measures against religion. Above: Services in a Russian Orthodox church. Left: St. Basil's Church in Moscow*



*Sotfoto and Black Star*

**I**S THERE religion in Russia today? Can there be any religion in a country which for twenty-five years has been ruled by men obsessed by atheism and firmly determined to unmake, in the lifetime of one generation, the soul of a Christian nation? This is a problem of decisive importance to Christians throughout the world, and especially to a Christian nation which, by the force of events, has found itself fighting side by side with Russia.

If we identify a nation with its ruling class, then certainly we cannot find any religion in modern Russia. To be a member of the ruling class, one has to belong to the pseudoreligion of Marxism, based on materialism and atheism. A follower of Marx must not only reject religion, but must actively display an antireligious attitude and help uproot religion. Since private schools were prohibited as early as 1918, this ruling class runs all the schools of the country; naturally, then, in these schools no religious instruction is allowed, and antireligion is systematically taught.

This class also operates the press, the radio, the movies, the theater; from all these agencies influencing the human mind, religious themes are excluded. Furthermore, they are

used as tools of antireligious propaganda. No public meeting may be held with the purpose of propagating faith; no charitable activity may be carried on in the name of Christ. Today the ruling class refrains from desecrating objects of religious veneration, closing churches by force, imprisoning, exiling, or executing bishops and priests. A few years ago, however, such actions were considered to be necessary steps in the construction of a Socialist society. They are no longer being done, but there has been neither recantation nor compensation for the destructive measures of the earlier period.

Officially Soviet Russia continues to be an atheist state. But a nation need not necessarily be identified with its government. A gulf can separate the ruling classes from the ruled masses, especially in revolutionary periods, and, contrary to current opinion, it sometimes happens that a nation has a government which it does not deserve.

Let us therefore try to pierce through the crust of Russia's ruling class, composed of the Communist Party and its fellow travelers, and detect the religious attitudes of the plain people—of those who live and work without participating in the privileges and honors of the rulers. This is a difficult task indeed, since no freedom of speech exists and these people have no means of letting us know how they feel and think. Fortunately, the rulers themselves have told us a story that would have been ascribed to wishful thinking if told by somebody else.

In 1935 the Soviet Government decided to take a census. Among other things, the rulers wanted to show how efficient their antireligious activity had been. A question on religious conviction was consequently posed, and the Government expected that the number of those to reply "yes" would be infinitesimal.

The census was taken on January 6, 1937, but in the fall of the same year the rulers declared that its results could not be published because "enemies of the people" had completely wrecked the operations. Nobody except a few pro-Communist snobs outside of Russia believed this nonsense; everybody understood that something had gone wrong in the findings. What it was became clear when a new census was ordered to be taken on January 17, 1939, this

time omitting the question about religious conviction. There could no longer be any doubt that in 1937 the Government's expectations had been frustrated in respect to religion or, more exactly, to the progress of atheism.

The rulers never published the findings of the census of 1937, but on many occasions used them in their reports, speeches, and articles. Among others, Yaroslavsky, the head of the Godless Union, who was in charge of antireligious activity, published a pamphlet in 1937 in which

nor in the privacy of census schedules, and would not risk the consequences of telling the truth. There is, however, no way to establish how many people concealed their faith and as a result wrongly called themselves atheists.

The distribution of beliefs among the individual classes of the population is uneven. From Yaroslavsky's figures it directly appears that the rural population better resisted the antireligious propaganda than did the urban centers. This cannot be a surprise to anybody who



Photos from Serebri

**Russians attending church services in the Moscow Church of the Transfiguration**

he gave an estimate of the number of atheists and believers. Approximately two-thirds of the adult people in cities and towns, he said, and approximately one-third of the adult population of the countryside called themselves atheists, whereas the rest continued to believe in God.

Since the rural population of Russia in 1937 formed 70 per cent of the total population, we can conclude that more than half of the total adult population of Russia have preserved their faith. The very wording of the estimate—persons "called themselves"—points almost directly to the census, since in no other case had large numbers of people had the opportunity to call themselves atheists or believers. It is permissible to assume that the percentage of believers in Russia is still larger than it appears in the findings of the abortive census, because in dictatorships many persons do not believe in the secrecy of the political ballot,

knows how often the modern city is destructive of faith, even without any antireligious activity on the part of officialdom.

It is also obvious that faith has been better preserved in Russia's older-age groups than in the younger ones which were directly exposed to pernicious teachings in the antireligious schools of the Soviet state. Foreign observers who have visited Russia in the course of the past few years, however, often express their astonishment at having seen in churches not only the old but also young persons. And the Godless Union still more frequently expresses its indignation when it receives similar reports from local agencies. From the same sources, we know that believers can be found among industrial workers, that is, among the class which is supposed to form the foundation of the atheist state; among college students and intellectuals; even among the members

of the bureaucracy who, in such cases, inconsistently serve both God and His foes.

There is also another fact as comforting as that of the persistence of faith among an unexpectedly large part of the Russian population: in the course of the past few years, atheism has been on the defensive and religion has advanced. We learn this from the enemies of religion themselves. They frequently complain that such acts as the christening of children, religious marriages, and religious funerals, are no longer

imminent war with Germany which could be won only if all the forces of the nation were united, the rulers decided to revise their interpretation of Christianity and to curb their antireligious activity. It has been officially announced, in contrast to former declarations, that Christianity was not always an enemy of the working people and of progress. A direction to tone down antireligious propaganda was given to the agencies entrusted with it; forcible interference with worship was prohibited. After more than a decade of

fact of the armistice is symptomatic: it points to the strength of religious sentiment among the population and to the recognition of this fact by the Government.

Religion is still strong in the hearts of millions of Russians. But let us not assume that the religious sentiments of these millions can be manifested in the customary ways sanctioned by tradition and adequate to the very nature of Christianity. Believers in Russia are tens of millions, and the number of officially registered congregations is near to thirty thousand, yet they have at their disposal only a few more than eight thousand open churches. This means that about three-quarters of the congregations, and probably of the believers, cannot do what seems to us so natural: they cannot go to their church and pray there, because their church has been closed.

What are the believers doing to make up for this deplorable situation? Very probably, many do nothing; they continue to believe and to pray individually, but they no longer attend divine services—a dangerous situation. But others display a creative spirit and find ways out of the difficulty. The simplest one is to go whenever possible to a remote church where a priest continues to officiate. The crowds in Russian churches, so frequently reported, consist not only of parishioners but also of persons coming from distant places; sometimes they travel tens of miles and then have to wait for hours before they can partake of Holy Communion.

In other cases the Church comes to the believers in the person of the traveling priest. He comes unexpectedly, often in disguise, but equipped with all that is necessary for celebrating Mass. Once he is recognized as a priest, a number of believers gather around him. Mothers bring their children to be baptized; young couples are married; graves of those who have died are blessed.

But the prospect of being visited by a traveling priest is never too certain. Months, even years, may pass before one comes again. So religious rites are performed by proxy. A couple "register" in the Soviet office, but they send their wedding rings to a remote church where the marriage rite is read by the priest, the rings representing the groom and the bride. Parents baptize children with water blessed by a priest at some dis-



Archbishop Nikolai (second from right) officiating at services in Russian cathedral

concealed as they were a few years ago, but are openly performed.

A few months ago it was reported that in one of the churches of Moscow a line of mothers could be observed waiting their turn to have their children christened. Members of the Young Communist League, after having "registered" their marriages in a Soviet bureau, go to a church and ask to have the marriage religiously consecrated. Soviet officials have been known to follow a funeral procession headed by a priest. Acting Patriarch Sergius of the Russian Orthodox Church told a foreign visitor that since the outbreak of the war more people, especially young people, have attended church. His words are confirmed by the fact that priests serving as privates in the army have been unofficially permitted to act as military chaplains.

A retreat of the official atheism corresponds to this advance of religion. Early in 1939, anticipating an

celebrating officially the sixth, the twelfth, or some other day of each month, Sunday was restored to the dignity of official rest day.

After the outbreak of the war the retreat of the antireligious forces was accelerated. In response to a message of the Acting Patriarch, enjoining prayers and patriotic efforts to defeat the enemy of Russia and of humanity, the Godless Union declared, "If the servants of the Church honestly call upon believers to fight against Fascism, we must not belittle this fact." The publication of antireligious journals was discontinued, and the antireligious museums were closed. (At that time these museums no longer attracted many visitors.) Heavy taxes on the churches were substantially reduced.

An armistice with religion seems to accompany the war with Germany. We do not know whether this truce will become a durable peace, or if hostilities will be resumed after the war with Germany is over. But the



tant place; peasants bless the soil with holy water fetched from a remote city; people consecrate graves with earth over which burial rites were performed somewhere else. There seems to be no limit to inventing means of removing material obstacles when faith is ardent.

In an officially atheist state, the problem of supplying the Church with young priests in place of those who have passed away is a very difficult one.

Private religious instruction to groups of three or more children was prohibited in 1921, and in 1929 any kind of religious instruction, except that given by parents to children, was outlawed. About the same time, permission to operate theological schools (seminaries) was canceled.

What was the response of the believers? There is no doubt that mothers and grandmothers performed the magnificent deed of giving their children the elementary notions of Christianity. They brought them to church, introducing them into the community of believers and thus contributing to the preservation of faith among an unexpectedly high percentage of Russians. Naturally, among the boys there were some who were attracted toward the priesthood. And here comes almost a miracle. In spite of the exceedingly efficient system of detection and espionage operated by the secret police, for many years clandestine theological seminaries existed in different parts of the country. We know of them only inasmuch as they finally were detected by the police and brutally closed. We can therefore speak of them only in the past tense, but we quite definitely know that they actually existed, at least up to 1938.

With the mitigation of the anti-religious activity of the Government, another practice evolved which has been recently described by Acting Patriarch Sergius. If a young man being graduated from high school wishes to become a priest, he may apply to the Church. Local ecclesiastical authorities suggest to him a program of study, and provide him with the necessary books. He could hardly buy them, since religious books are no longer published in the country. After having studied for a certain time (and it must be a long time, as the young man has to support himself by working somewhere else) he is examined by a bishop. If

he passes this examination, and if he is known to possess the appropriate character traits, he is ordained deacon, then priest. Not many apply, but it is highly comforting that even a few do so in spite of the hardships involved in the life of a priest in an officially atheist state. The Acting Patriarch expressed the hope that conditions will eventually improve and that more young men will become interested in theological study and the priesthood.

Actually, there is reason for hope. War with Germany signifies for Russia an interruption in the process of terminating a revolutionary cycle. In modern revolutions, the acute stage is often accompanied by violent anti-religious outbursts, but when the country returns to normalcy official antireligion gives way to religion, or

at least to tolerance. This was the way of the French Revolution and seems to be the way of the Mexican Revolution; it may also be the way of the Russian Revolution. From two decades of experience, the exponents of atheism have learned that they can destroy religion neither by means of direct persecution nor by compulsory antireligious education, nor by prohibiting religious education, nor by propaganda. They have learned that religion is too deeply ingrained in the Russian national soul to be easily uprooted. And even before the outbreak of the war they were already looking for a compromise.

This optimism should not be exaggerated, however. In the history of the Soviet state, the present compromise is not the first one. In 1923-28 and in 1934-36, antireligious activity also was relatively mild; both times, with change in circumstances mildness was superseded by especially cruel and reckless persecution of all religious practices.

Whether the aggression against religion will be resumed after the war depends on many circumstances. If contact with her democratic allies is strong enough to cause even a partial democratization of the Soviet state, tolerance will prevail. If on the contrary the Soviet state is not affected by that contact, then after the war is over Russian leaders will be free to choose between tolerance and antireligious blitzkrieg, and there is no means to predict what their choice will be.

Two facts will dominate the situation at that time. The first is the persistence of religion in spite of twenty-five years of persecution. A nation which proved able to resist for so many years will continue to resist indefinitely, up to the termination of the revolutionary cycle. The problem is not so much whether Russia will once more become a Christian nation (under the crust of official atheism she still is one), but whether and when the state will officially return to Christianity.

The second fact is that, though faith has been preserved, the religious organization of the country has badly suffered. What could be the means of religious reconstruction is a problem which cannot be solved today. This problem, like so many others, depends on the outcome of the war and on the main lines of postwar reconstruction.



*Russians leaving the Church of St. George after Easter services*



# KONOYE:

## Timid Gambler

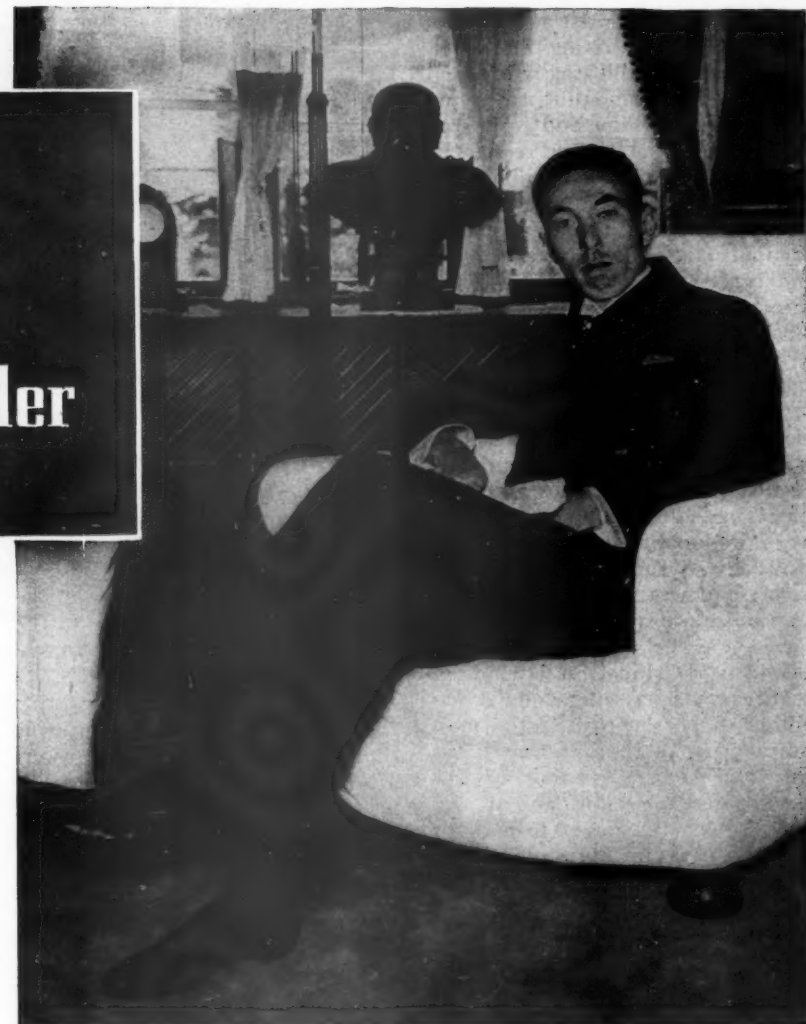
Prince Konoyé, the "patriotic liberal," is being held in reserve for a negotiated peace

By HALLETT ABEND

ONE of Japan's statesmen-politicians being kept in reserve to help negotiate a compromise peace is Prince Fumimaro Konoyé, three times prime minister, and one of the most unstable and unreliable of all the Japanese leaders. His past has been so checkered by various and varying affiliations, and his retirement to private life a few months before the attack upon Pearl Harbor was so well timed, that the Japanese will push him forward as a "patriotic liberal" when they have been defeated and begin trying to squirm out of the necessity of meeting the dictated terms which the United Nations will present for their acceptance.

America and Europe have never assessed Prince Konoyé's power and position correctly. He has been a mysterious figure, and has served the Army well. His lineage is almost equal to that of the Imperial family, and while his wealth is not great he was for years regarded as "the coming man" of Japanese politics.

All parties and factions courted



International News

Prince Konoyé, three times prime minister, one of the trickiest Japanese leaders

Konoyé, seeking his co-operation or open allegiance, and the impression spread abroad that he was an anti-militaristic liberal. Actually, however, as early as 1935 he made a secret agreement with the military faction, and from then on was regarded by the war clique as their "ace in the hole," as a powerful Japanese general told me one day in Mukden in 1936.

When Prince Konoyé became Premier for the first time in the early Summer of 1937, the *New York Times* cabled to me in Shanghai to send by mail a 1,500 word article on how the elevation of this nobleman to the post of Prime Minister was likely to influence Japan's relations with China. I sent along an article stating flatly that all ideas that Konoyé was a peace-loving liberal were erroneous, that his eleva-

tion to the head of the government meant that the expansionists of the military clique were ready to attack China, and that hostilities would be precipitated before autumn.

This article, directly at variance with most of the articles and editorials which greeted Konoyé's assumption of power, was published in the *New York Times* late in June of 1937. That particular issue of the *Times* made good reading when I came across it in the Tientsin Club late in July, at just the time that Japanese airplanes were bombarding the city and reducing Nantao University to a heap of smoldering rubble. The Japanese had precipitated hostilities less than three weeks before, by attacking the Chinese at Marco Polo Bridge on the outskirts of Peiping, on the night of July 7th.

Prince Konoyé has a curious per-

sonality, and is singularly lacking in will power and driving force, but like many weak and vacillating men he is tremendously stubborn at unexpected times. Time and again during his three terms as Premier he contracted a "diplomatic illness" as an excuse for going into retirement, and thus managed to permit violent partisan cliques within the Army and Navy to fight out their differences. When the tide toward victory became discernible, the Prince would recover with remarkable alacrity and announce a decision and an adherence to what was obviously to be the winning side.

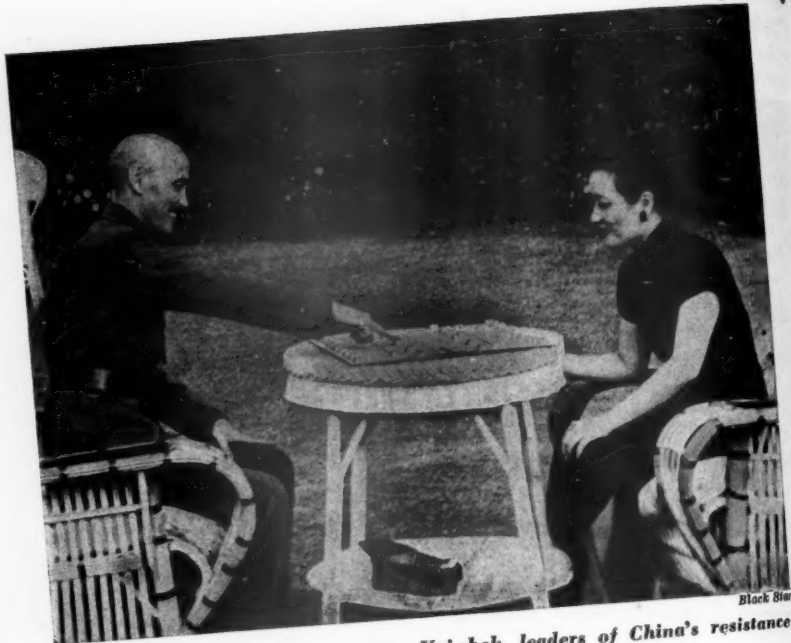
Konoye is not robust, and frequently suffers from colds and light attacks resembling influenza. Whenever it was announced that the Prime Minister was suffering from a new attack, and was inaccessible to callers, conjecture would run wild in Tokyo—was he really ill, or was there a new Cabinet crisis pending?

Although as a rule Konoye was willing to be the tool of the most radical wing of the military clique, his character is such that he was often subject to qualms, and at least twice he secretly sought to end the war in China by compromise. On one of these two occasions he attempted to use me as one of his secret emissaries to General Chiang Kai-shek, and at that time he was not only willing but frantically eager to betray the very Army clique which had put him and maintained him in power.

The Japanese thought they had won the war when they captured Nanking in December of 1937. So certain were they that Chinese resistance had been broken, and that Chinese unity would collapse, that they needlessly prolonged the period given to resting and reorganizing their tired forces after the victorious campaign which had resulted in storming China's capital.

Meanwhile General Chiang Kai-shek, who had established a new seat of government for China at Hankow, worked tirelessly at reorganizing his own forces, and at importing war supplies into central China through Canton and Hong Kong, from where they were hauled inland over the Canton-Hankow Railway.

By early Summer it became evident that the Japanese were about to launch a new drive up the Yangtze River, with the object of destroying



Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek, leaders of China's resistance

the Chinese armies and capturing Hankow. Soon their armies were fighting their way overland, while the Japanese Navy and Air Force began assaulting the various forts and booms which blocked a direct advance inland by way of the Yangtze River. They captured Anking, they captured Kiukiang, and China's refugee capital was soon in peril.

It was at this point in the campaign, on October 13, 1938, that there called at my office a Japanese named Bunshiro Suzuki. Mr. Suzuki is little known in the United States, although he has traveled here and in Europe. But in Japan he is a prominent citizen, a large shareholder in several Tokyo and Osaka Japanese-language newspapers, and a writer and commentator of note.

For half an hour Mr. Suzuki talked with amazing frankness about the cost and progress of the Japanese campaigns in China, about the greed and corruption of his Empire's militarists, and about the brutal and bungling manner in which they continued to alienate all Chinese of any standing by denying them even the right of self-respect.

I thought he had probably come as a secret agent of that very military group which he denounced, and was bent upon sounding out my personal views, so my replies were guarded. At length I told Suzuki that I regretted having to excuse my-

self, but that I had to keep an important appointment, and must bring the interview to an end.

He became flustered. "But I have an urgent and very confidential matter to discuss with you," he blurted out at last. "I have come as the personal emissary of Prince Konoye and here," producing a packet of papers from inside his shirt front, "are my credentials in both English and Japanese."

"What is this all about? What is your mission?" I asked, and then Suzuki astounded me by this declaration:

"The Prime Minister wants to stop the war. He says the capture of Hankow would be nothing more than military masturbation, and wants to make peace without the Army's knowledge before China's capital falls."

Suzuki would say nothing more than that, insisting that he must have at least two hours alone with me in order to unfold his plans in detail. We arranged to meet at my home after dinner that evening, and he urged that in the interval I should assure myself of the validity of his credentials by showing them to Mr. Tani, then Japan's Ambassador at large in China, or to the Japanese Consul General. I did both, and found that the letter in Japanese was in Konoye's own hand, and that it stated Suzuki enjoyed his

complete confidence and carried a verbal message to me of "supreme importance."

At that time, October 1938, much of the world was still marveling at what was called the new technique of diplomacy—namely Chamberlain's trip by air to Munich to win "peace in our time" by conferring with Hitler.

When Mr. Suzuki came to my apartment that evening he amazed me by first declaring that the Chamberlain idea was at least a year old, and that Prince Konoye had proposed to fly to Nanking more than a year before in order personally to arrange a Sino-Japanese agreement with General Chiang Kai-shek.

In a letter which I wrote to General Chiang the next day, October 14th, I find this paragraph of direct quotation from Bunshiro Suzuki:

"A year ago last July, when the first clash occurred near Peiping, I went to Mr. Hirota, (then Foreign Minister) who has long been my close personal friend, and proposed to him exactly what Mr. Chamberlain did last month. In other words, I urged Mr. Hirota to cable to General Chiang Kai-shek and express his willingness to fly to Nanking for a personal conference, at which an attempt would be made to settle all Sino-Japanese differences. Mr. Hirota welcomed this proposal, and discussed the matter with Prince Konoye. The Premier, too, thought well of the proposal, but suggested that he himself should make the flight. The matter was then discussed at length at a secret meeting of the civilian members of the Cabinet, but was voted down on the grounds that Japan would 'lose too much face' by seeming to compromise."

Here was evidence of Prince Konoye's first attempt to change policy and betray the military clique which had put him into power to be their instrument and Premier during what they believed would be the quick conquest of China.

Konoye's second move to betray the militarists who had made him was, in its inspiration, as melodramatic as a motion picture international spy drama. Here is the plan in detail, in the words of Bunshiro Suzuki, as I wrote them down in my notes that night of October 13, after he had said good-by.

"Prince Konoye knows that you

are a friend of the Generalissimo, and believes that he will give serious consideration to any proposal which you guarantee as valid. You have checked on my credentials, and now it is my desire that you accompany me to Hankow and sponsor me while I present to Chiang Kai-shek official credentials from our Premier, and a document containing Japan's proposals for a peace with China. The Premier wants to check the Army in its career of conquest before it becomes an all-powerful threat to the existence of government in Japan.

"He fears that if the Army captures Hankow, and China is con-

noye's advances to General Chiang, and how could he and I make the journey to Hankow if the Generalissimo was willing to receive us?"

At that time all railways leading into the interior of China, except the Canton-Hankow line, had been disrupted by the war, and fighting on both banks of the Yangtze, in addition to the Japanese Navy's activities on that great stream, made river traffic an impossibility. I pointed out to Mr. Suzuki that the mere transmission of his original proposals presented difficulties, because the mails by way of Hong Kong and Canton were slow and uncertain, and telegraph and radio

*Typical Japanese officers. Such men as these have gambled on Japan's future*



quered, that Japan itself will come under a naked Army dictatorship, and this he fears will mean the ultimate ruin of the Empire, for having conquered China our militarists would challenge the United States and all positions of the European powers in the Far East. He wants to avoid this at all costs. The people of Japan are tired of this war, and if Prince Konoye could suddenly announce a reasonable peace agreement the Army would not dare to prolong the senseless struggle."

At this point I interrupted to call Mr. Suzuki's attention to the fact that all communication between Shanghai and Hankow was cut off, except by way of Hong Kong. How, I asked, was I to get word of Ko-

communication between Shanghai and Hankow was either ruined or in the hands of Japanese censors.

If the proposal were cabled to Hong Kong, and then sent to Hankow by land telegraph there would be little hope of guarding the secrecy of the move, for the Japanese had agents and spies everywhere, and were supposed to be in possession of most of the codes in use—even the several secret codes of the American Navy and diplomatic missions in the Far East.

But these difficulties, it seemed, had been considered in advance in Tokyo, for Suzuki replied:

"If the Generalissimo will receive me, I propose that you and I fly to-



gether to Hankow, or to any other place he may designate. Prince Konoye will arrange for us to go in a civilian plane of the Shanghai-Peiping line, to be furnished by the Japanese Government. If the Generalissimo distrusts these arrangements, he may send any neutral pilot and crew of his own—say American flyers—to take us inland. The plane can have any markings he suggests, so that it will be able to fly over the lines and land on a Chinese airfield, without being fired upon.

"For my part I am willing to be blindfolded during the flight, and during my entire stay in Hankow except for such time as I am in the Generalissimo's presence. I would, of course, expect no liberty of movement while there. We had planned that the plane would start ostensibly for Peiping, and then when away from Japanese observers swing westward and make for Hankow. We could probably get such a start that we'd be able to outdistance pursuit if Japanese Army observers or listeners detect the change in our route, and send planes after us.

"If this plan is not approved," Suzuki concluded, "I am willing to go to Hong Kong with you by an American ship, and to fly from Hong Kong to Hankow by a British or Chinese plane—just as the Generalissimo prefers."

I told Suzuki that the flight arrangements seemed satisfactory, but the greater and initial difficulty would be in getting the proposals for a peace parley to General Chiang. I pointed out that the Japanese forces were advancing upriver rapidly, that the Chinese lines showed signs of crumbling in several sectors, and that it would require at least a week, and possibly ten days, to get a letter to Hankow by way of Hong Kong and Canton. But Suzuki had an answer ready for this objection, too.

"We have at least six weeks. Our Army cannot capture Hankow before late November. Admiral Yarnell is in Shanghai. His flagship, the *Augusta*, is in the river here, and must be in hourly wireless communication with the American gunboat at Hankow. The *New York Times* has a man in Hankow. Wouldn't Admiral Yarnell send this proposal, in secret code, to your *Times* man, for personal transmission to the Generalissimo?"

Then I told Mr. Suzuki that I would not feel free to take a hand in these negotiations without the knowledge and consent of the *New York Times*. A ship was leaving for Hong Kong next morning, and I agreed to get a letter aboard addressed to our correspondent there, asking him to file a cable to the *Times* Managing Editor which I would enclose.

The *Times* agreed to my participation in the project, but Admiral Harry E. Yarnell, then Commander-in-Chief of our Asiatic Fleet, refused to permit his ships to transmit the necessary messages by wireless. One reason was that he believed the Japanese Army had his codes, and would take retaliatory action if his flagship transmitted peace proposals without their knowledge. Such retaliatory action might have resulted in war between Japan and the United States.

EARLY next morning I was closeted with Admiral Yarnell in his quarters aboard his flagship, and put the whole of Konoye's proposals before him. He cited various reasons why it would be a great impropriety for him to sanction the use of the American naval radio for purposes of this kind, but finally reluctantly said that if I could get the proposals to the *New York Times* man in Hankow by mail, via Hong Kong, he would permit the American gunboat at Hankow to wireless to him, for transmission to me, a one-word message. That word was to be either "accepted" or "declined," and either of those words would let Suzuki and me know whether General Chiang Kai-shek would consent to receive us and listen to Prince Konoye's peace proposals.

The Admiral walked with me to the head of the gangway, and just as I was about to descend to his barge, which was waiting to take me from the *Augusta*, moored in mid-stream, to The Bund of Shanghai, he put his hand on my shoulder, and said in a voice so low that none of the ship's officers standing by could hear him:

"Abend, I wish you wouldn't attempt this flight. I know it would be a thrilling adventure, and might get you the scoop of the year, but the chances are 99 to 100 that the Japanese Army will learn of the venture in advance, and then your

plane will be shot down before it gets 100 miles away from Shanghai. Or you'll be shot when you get back here. Think it over."

My letter to Hankow went to Hong Kong by ship, arriving at the British port the morning of October 17th. It was flown to Hankow on the 18th, and the *New York Times* man in Hankow, knowing nothing of the contents of the sealed enclosure, presented the Konoye proposals to General Chiang Kai-shek in the presence of Madame Chiang the next day. On October 20th came the one-word reply, relayed to me by telephone by Admiral Yarnell. It was "Accepted."

Immediately I got in touch with Mr. Suzuki who sailed for Japan that evening to obtain official credentials from the Premier.

But the move for peace had been started too late. On October 25th the Chinese lines defending Hankow broke, and by the evening of the 26th Japanese forces had occupied the three neighboring Yangtze cities of Hankow, Wuchang, and Hanyang. General Chiang Kai-shek, his government, and most of his generals had either flown to Chungking, to establish a new Chinese capital, or were bound upriver in suffocatingly overcrowded ships which proceeded under a rain of bombs from Japanese planes.

Prince Konoye lacked the determination and vigor to be a wartime Premier, so the Army pushed him out, and installed General Tojo at the head of the Government a few months before Pearl Harbor. It is true that Konoye and his Foreign Minister, Yosuke Matsuoka, willingly engineered Japan into formally joining the Berlin-Rome Axis, but there their usefulness ended. Politicians of the Konoye and Matsuoka type are of little value during a period of military dictatorship and virtual martial law. But their value as negotiators may become great when the time comes to make the peace.

Prince Konoye, as a negotiator, would be as slippery and unreliable and as dangerous for American interests in the Far East as would Matsuoka. In office he was not loyal even to the clique that elevated him to the head of the Government; as a peacemaker he would be doubly ready to betray those with whom he deals, and to repudiate personal promises and official commitments.



# The Bond of Peace

By MICHAEL KENT

Decoration by JOHN JEWELL

WRITING to the Christians at Ephesus, St. Paul exhorts them to be "careful to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace."

The significance of these words for our time can hardly be overestimated. For they declare a truth which men have found it convenient to ignore: the basis of peace is neither economic nor political, but spiritual. The Apostle warns the Ephesians against the dangers of division latent in the Christian society; and this warning is also a prophecy whose tragic fulfillment we now witness.

The cause of the present catastrophe lies much deeper than Versailles. It goes back, not twenty, but four hundred years, to the divisions engendered by the Protestant revolt. The rebellion of Luther broke the unity of the Spirit, and with it the bond of peace. Nor can the one be restored without the other.

Prior to the sixteenth century, the nations of Europe, now engaged in a crusade of mutual destruction, belonged to a united Christendom. Converted to Christianity from barbarism, they had built up a civilization still far, perhaps, from a perfect realization of the Christian ideal, but which nevertheless kept, in the larger sense, the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. There were wars, necessarily. Complete freedom from war can result only from such a purification of human nature as has not yet been, and may never be, achieved; but the wars which preceded that period had a different character from those which have followed it. They were squabbles, bickerings: acrimonious and recurrent, but such quarrels as are inevitable in a large family whose members differ in their tastes and opinions, though their fundamental interests are identical.

It remained for the Protestant revolution to break the unity of the Spirit and divide the family against itself. It accomplished this by denying the authority of the spiritual Fa-

ther of the Christian family, the Vicar of Christ on earth. By this denial the children were set free from the restraint placed upon their greed and ambitions by that authority. The strong devoured the weak and turned on each other. These divisions fostered the rapid growth of the national spirit and made inevitable the rise of strong rival states.

Thenceforward the peace of Europe was never secure. The local conflicts of medieval barons, or minor principalities and city republics, gave way to wars which have increased in ferocity, as in the number of peoples and the extent of the areas involved, until now, within a single generation, we have witnessed the tragic phenomenon of two wars which have spread from their starting place to include the world.

Writers in our own time have not been wanting who have thus diagnosed the cause of the evil; but they are neither penetrating nor daring enough in their prescribed cures. They hold unity to be possible through some political accord, or compromise, based on principles ethically Christian. It is believed optimistically that the Catholic and Protestant cultures will yet find a sound basis of agreement which will blend two mutually exclusive systems into a harmonious Christian whole. The accomplishment of this task, according to a recent article, "is now as much a problem of statesmanship as theology. . . . Christian civilization can never be recovered except through the work of statesmen having such an exalted sense of mission that they will be satisfied

with nothing short of the reorganization of society in such a way . . . that behavior will once more be regulated in accordance with Christian principles." The difficulty of this undertaking is admitted: "This is a large order."

The error is on the side of understatement: it is not merely a large order; it is an impossible one. Unity can never be achieved on such a basis. An obstacle stands in the way which no statesman can surmount. That obstacle is Protestantism itself.

For the genius of Protestantism is division. The system is founded on the very principle of disunion: it can agree only to disagree. Declaring the right of every man to differ from every other man in his religious beliefs, it draws the theoretical and incongruous conclusion that all may be correct, while actually each believes himself to be right and all others wrong. In such a system there can obviously be no basis for spiritual unity: the Protestant sects have sought, and continue to seek, a basis of union among themselves, in vain. If they could unite, Protestantism would be on the way to extinction through want of protestants.

Protestantism cannot unite; nor can it remain static. It must therefore continue to divide. It cannot heal old breaches; it must therefore generate new ones. Beginning with a protest against Christian unity as represented by the universal Church, the Protestant sects continue to protest against that Church and against each other. Catholicism is a coherence, a unity. Protestantism is a catabolism, a breaking down. There can be no compromise, political or spiritual, between systems fundamentally opposed in their nature and purpose. No statesmanship is capable of effecting such a compromise. Behavior will never be "regulated in accordance with Christian principles" except through submission to the authority of the spiritual head of Christendom, and return to the unity of the Spirit which is the bond of peace.

Protestantism not only divides, it

**The genealogy of Hitlerism can be traced to the revolt of Martin Luther which divided the Christian family and unleashed nationalism**

also contradicts. In eschewing all authority except the private judgment of the individual in matters of religion and conduct, it has as little basis for stability as for unity: a man's judgments change like the weather. Its basic philosophy has, in fact, undergone a complete *volte face* since the beginning. The original doctrine of justification by faith alone has flowered into the credo of modern paganism, precisely the opposite: what a man believes does not matter, provided he behaves himself.

Behavior—social or political, national or individual—cannot be divorced from belief. Belief is to action as cause to effect: as a man believes, so he will act. He cannot believe one way and act another. He cannot believe like Nero and act like St. Paul. He cannot believe like a Christian and act like a Nazi. It is impossible to achieve a society united in action, unless that society is first united in belief.

This impossibility is not theoretical only; it has proved itself in practice. Europe has repeatedly tried to achieve a united political society while retaining her spiritual divisions, and has failed: spiritual division and political unity are likewise irreconcilables.

"Divide and conquer." The spiritual divisions of four hundred years ago prepared the way for the military conquests of the present. Hitlerism is the direct spiritual descendant of Lutheranism: Luther divided, Hitler conquers. Luther broke the unity of the Spirit and gave to the ruler the right to choose the religion of his subjects and himself—*cujus regio, ejus religio*. The logical culmination of this system, and its inevitable outcome, is the burlesque religion of Hitler, the creed of race and blood, of the domination of the weak by the strong. Luther made possible what Hitler has accomplished.

To read textbooks written before the last war by non-Catholic historians is to read, too late, the writing on the wall. Typical of such unintentional prophecies, and conspicuous among them, is a statement in a History of France, by W. H. Hudson, whose violent anti-Catholicism betrays itself on almost every page. He hails the Reformation as an instrument in the liberation of man from ages of tyranny and oppression: the human spirit, crushed through the centuries by the spiritual domination

of Rome, is set free by the revolt of Luther to achieve a glorious destiny.

Mr. Hudson has not sufficient penetration to foresee what terrible mockery his brave falsehoods conceal. Summing up the conflict between Charles VIII and Francis I, in which the victory of the French monarch put a final end to the already dying medieval society and instituted the new order of strong, independent, rival states, Mr. Hudson declares: "Charles stood for the medieval conception of universal empire, and his attempt to restore this—an attempt

proved, as we now know, a "vital factor" not in the evolution, but in the destruction, of European peoples. That system has begotten Hitler. And it was begotten by Luther.

This anti-Catholic historian has put an unerring, if unwitting, finger on the cause of a world tragedy he did not foresee. And in thus indicating the cause, he has indicated also the cure.

To undo the work of Hitler, it is necessary first to undo the work of Luther. Political compromise will not effect this, but only the restora-



Hitler is the spiritual successor of Luther. Luther divided, Hitler conquers

in which, though he was checked by Francis, he was really foiled by Luther—was . . . the last dream of the Middle Ages in politics. Francis . . . represented the rising power of nationalities, and with it that new idea of balanced equilibrium . . . henceforth to be a vital factor in the evolution of the European peoples."

The "rising power of nationalities," and "that new idea of balanced equilibrium among them," has

tion of the unity of the Spirit which is the bond of peace.

How may this restoration be accomplished?

All remedies so far suggested have suffered from a common weakness. They have overlooked the fact that the Lutheran revolt was far more than a social, political, or even a religious upheaval. It was a sin.

Martin Luther was a priest. He broke his vows; he denied the doc-

trines and repudiated the authority of the Church. His denial was an occasion of sin to half of Christendom, to the nations and peoples which followed him into apostasy. The gravity of that sin can be judged by its consequences.

As to the cause, Luther himself accounts for it in one of the most revealing documents in existence. A letter written before his apostasy leaves little doubt as to the ultimate certainty of Father Martin Luther's defection. In an enumeration of an imposing list of duties and occupations which engross him, he shouts aloud the underlying reason, if not the immediate occasion, of his fall:

"I need two secretaries. . . . I am preacher of the Convent and in the refectory; I am called daily to preach in the parish; I am Director of Studies and Vicar of the district. . . . I am responsible for the fish ponds at Leitzkau; I am agent at Torgau in the suit of Herzberg parish church; I give lectures on St. Paul; I am collecting notes on the Psalter. I rarely have time to recite my office and say Mass."

Here the Reformation stands revealed as the work of a priest who had time to look after fish ponds but not to celebrate Mass. It is not unlikely that God willed Father Martin Luther to be the instrument of a true reform, urgently needed and too long ignored. The German monk had the strength of intellect and force of character essential to such a task. Controlled, disciplined, purified, and directed by grace, these attributes could have effected the needed spiritual awakening and purification, and placed the name of Martin Luther with that of Francis of Assisi high on the honor roll of heaven.

But—"I rarely have time to say Mass." His fish ponds must have left him still less time for prayer. Accordingly, he refused his destiny. The burden of the priesthood was too much for one of his nature, and he rejected the help which would have enabled him to carry it. And if, like St. Francis, he had heard a further summons: *Martin, repair My house*, he must either obey, or rebel; he must repair the Father's house, or leave it. He made his choice; and after him went the weak, the proud, the ambitious, the greedy, the ignorant, the rebellious, and the discontented.

Adam yielded to a temptation having its roots in pride. He listened to the suggestion: ye shall be as gods. His disobedience cost him the friendship of God, and closed the gates of paradise to himself and his descendants, until his sin of disobedience was repaired—by sacrifice.

Luther also yielded to temptation having its roots in pride. His rebellion cut him off from membership in the Mystical Body of Christ, and closed the doors of the Church to his followers and their descendants, until his sin of disobedience shall be repaired—by sacrifice.

As human nature was not wholly corrupted, but only weakened, by the fall of Adam, so Christianity was not lost, but only weakened, by the revolt of Luther. But that it was weakened, and seriously, there can be no doubt. From Christian worship, Protestantism removed the altar, the sacrifice, the Cross; from Christian doctrine, belief in the Real Presence, the Sacraments, and the Church. What is left? In worship, sermons in place of the Sacrifice; in doctrine, the historic, but not the living, Christ. This removal has made inevitable certain grim substitutions: the swastika, and other emblems of tyranny, are raised where the Cross has been taken down. The husks of political and racial ideologies feed souls starved for the Bread of Life.

FOR the sin of Adam reparation has been made, and its consequences undone; but the sin of Luther's rebellion has not yet been repaired. From its consequences we suffer today as never before. Heaven, restored to man on Calvary, can never be lost to him again; but of those lost to the Church by the sin of Luther, only a negligible minority have so far found their way back. The overwhelming majority, whole peoples and nations, have remained outside the Father's house, victims of a spiritual loss which today has culminated in unprecedented material disaster. Sacrifice alone can accomplish their return.

The means to repair this sin have never been wanting. What has been lacking is a recognition of the need for repair. Till yesterday, non-Catholics shared Mr. Hudson's optimistic faith in the new order inaugurated by the Reformation, and even Catholics were blind to the extent of the evil wrought by that

disaster. But no one needs to be told now that the new order has betrayed us; no one can any longer be optimistic, or complacent, or satisfied.

Underlying the medieval conception of universal empire was the universal church: the unity of the Spirit which is the only bond of peace. That unity, broken by sin, can be restored by one means only: sacrifice.

The perfect sacrifice is that for which Father Martin Luther, keeper of fish ponds, "rarely" found time: the Sacrifice of the Mass.

Go to Mass often—daily. If it is difficult, the sacrifices demanded by war are more difficult, and painful besides. Offer Mass and Holy Communion in reparation for the sin of Luther and his followers: the initial indifference and neglect, the subsequent denial and open revolt, that separated half of Christendom from the Church of Christ. With the Holy Sacrifice unite some voluntary sacrifice, some deliberate renunciation, and also those trials and afflictions which come unsought. Accept these latter—welcome them—as powerful instruments of reparation, and most effective means of accomplishing the restoration of Christian unity, without which there can be no peace: "Receive these gifts, O Lord Jesus Christ, in union with Thy Most Holy Sacrifice, and in reparation for the sin of those who denied Thy Sacred Presence in the clean oblation of Thy Most Precious Body and Blood, and in Thy Mystical Body, the Church: that Thy children, our brothers, deprived by the sin of their fathers of the fruits of that Sacrifice, may be fed again with the Bread of Heaven, and restored to the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace: Who livest and reignest, world without end. Amen."

The work, therefore, is not merely for statesmen, or for theologians, but for all. A crusade of sacrifice, shared and offered by all Catholics, will accomplish what political compromise, theological discussion, and even prayer alone, can never do: the restoration of the separated Christian peoples to the Church of Christ, through repairing the sin which caused that separation.

The construction of the new social order may then be safely left to the statesmen. When a united Christendom can again say, "*Introibo ad altare Dei*," "I shall go in to the altar of God," there will be peace.





*A U.S. convoy moving supplies through the Southwest Pacific*

*European*

**"ROLL** back the Japs!" is the grave undertone in all Capital discussions. It is felt that a defensive or "holding" operation in the Solomons is not enough. The attack on Guadalcanal was begun as an offensive: the first step in a series of forward-sweeping drives, whose ultimate objective is Tokyo. To trained observers in Washington, it is clear that the U. S. counteroffensive in the South Pacific is in danger of "bogging down." The command is forward!

It is well known in Washington that, prior to the actual outbreak of hostilities, the most camouflaged figures for naval construction were put out by Japan. The Nipponese had specialized in submarines, convertible aircraft carriers, and heavy cruisers, but they kept the results of their shipbuilding program concealed behind a heavy smoke screen of false reports and schedules.

Despite measurable losses, the Japanese Navy is by no means depleted. The fighting forces of the Empire of the Rising Sun, it is considered in the Capital, have hardly been seriously crippled. Therefore, the United Nations' counterattack in the Far East, which is primarily a responsibility of the United States, has to take into account the solid backbone of Japanese offensive power.

The one category in which the Tokyo officials have had to take stun-

ning setbacks has been merchant shipping. Tabulations released by the U. S. Navy Department in Washington reveal that almost one-fourth of the enemy merchant marine is no longer "carrying the mail." This happy effect is traceable to the daring raids of American submarines on the shipping lanes of the Pacific Ocean. A million tons, it is estimated, were sunk in 1942. Every month U. S. "pigboat" commanders are stepping up the tempo of undersea warfare. Hunting singly and in packs, the submarines of our Navy are proving the terror of hostile shipping and playing a vital part in the effort to starve out the Jap garrisons in the Southwest Pacific. The strategy which dominates Washington thinking in this matter is much like the motto attributed to Admiral William F. Halsey, Jr.: "Plant yourself in the middle of the fight with guns that shoot straight and fast."

In other words, the High Command in the Capital is persuaded that the foundries and shipyards of North America can outsmart and overpower the productive genius of Japan. Naval authorities judge that a war of attrition will not find Americans wanting on the land or upon the sea. Up to the present, it has been noted that the Japs are relying on "hit-and-run" tactics; they are unwilling to risk their battle fleet in an all-out slugging match. Consequently, the U. S.

## Inside

production chiefs are concentrating upon "antisub" patrol boats, corvettes, and chasers. It is recognized in the Capital that the outcome of the current underwater duel is bound to break the deadlock around Henderson Field, Guadalcanal.

The Americans, having embarked upon a career of "island-jumping" on the road to Tokyo, are determined to resume the initiative before "the freshly poured concrete" shall have been able to set in the airports, harbor installations, and army bases of the newly acquired Jap archipelagos.

In this connection, Japanese admissions that the success or failure of "southern reconstruction" depends upon the "efficiency of water transportation" were studied with deep interest in Washington. It was remarked that Tokyo authorities likewise acknowledged what tremendous problems were created by the need to "maintain transportations within the extensive area in the greater East Asia sphere," while decisive engagements multiplied in the Pacific. Significantly enough, the conclusion was drawn that "the Solomons battle is the battle to decide the fate of the war in the future."

At the same time, concern was expressed about the Jap position in the Aleutian Islands. A quick look at the map shows that this is the northern flank of the attempted pincers' movement against the Empire of the Rising Sun. This too, it is noted, is an "island-hopping" maneuver. Air operations' experts in the Capital agree with the sorrowful admission wrung from the Japanese Army press chief, Captain Nakae Yahagi, that "the Aleutians will be the base to attack Japan."

Of course, the U. S. heads of the armed forces have learned to appreciate that statements of this kind can easily serve as the disarming gesture that leads to another stab at Pearl Harbor. Washington officials



# Washington

By

JOSEPH F. THORNING

know that broadcasts from "Imperial Headquarters" have a twofold purpose: 1) to stimulate Japanese morale; 2) to throw the United Nations' forces off guard. Subject to these reservations, the Jap admissions are interesting as the first faint signals of doubt in the enemy mentality. More than one "Honorable Sir" along the Ginza is beginning to wonder and worry. The symptoms of apprehension, however controlled, are greeted with some satisfaction in Washington.

A deep impression has been created in Congressional circles by the report of the Hon. Joseph P. Grew, former U. S. Ambassador to Japan. It is Mr. Grew's considered opinion that the Japanese military and naval cliques are the most dangerous enemies of the American people. The Japanese people, he adds, are embarked on the present adventure in power politics with all the fervor of religious fanatics. They understand only one language: the dialect of sudden death. Temporarily immune from real invasion from the land, air, and sea, the people of Japan know warfare only as a vicarious experience. Mass murder is something that happens to Chinese, Malaysians, Polynesians, Hindus, and Americans. This represents a state of mind: an insular psychology in a background of victory. Most Congressmen are becoming aware of the dimensions and savagery of Oriental conflict.

One of the most illuminating comments made on the Far Eastern situation was vouchsafed by a British diplomat, a recent visitor to the American capital. This gentleman, who has had a "look-see" at almost every theater of war, offered the following analysis:

"The banners of the Rising Sun float triumphantly, at the moment, over the loose foundations of the most formidable 'Termite Empire' the world has ever seen. The process

of infiltration and undermining is now under way throughout the Indian Peninsula. A subcontinent is being submitted to the 'boring-in' operation. In the meantime, the riches of the Dutch East Indies and Malaya are pouring into the mouth of the Japanese war machine in the shape of rubber, oil, and tin. The Orient is rapidly being transformed into an 'Arsenal of Autocracy.' It is imperative that the Nipponese, who are reeling under the impact of submarine warfare, be kept off balance long enough to upset their timetable of conquest in 1943. This in itself would be enough to keep up the spirit of the native races who are cast for the role of slave populations, in case the Japs are able to dig in and hold their sprawling empire. The fate of millions of people is at stake."

Another Far Eastern observer who conferred recently with Capital leaders likens the Japanese dragon to an imperial octopus with a hundred tentacles. This expert adds a warning for the armchair strategists who imagine that a body blow at the center of the empire can paralyze the centaur's legs. "Snipping off each tentacle" is the formula recommended by those who have had firsthand impressions of the contest in the Far East. It is emphasized that the vastly improved co-ordination of the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps, noticeable in the past two months, can greatly facilitate this procedure.

A civilian phase of the war effort that is receiving special attention in Washington is the matter of food production. It is increasingly realized that the sharpest pinch in global conflict may reach back to those fountainheads of energy: the plantations, orchards, dairy farms, and ranches of the country. As one Capital official expressed it, "we have just succeeded in straightening out bottleneck Number One: transport, to find ourselves confronted with a fast emptying



European

Where Japanese soldiers look their best—in an American prison camp

reservoir of original supply: farm and dairy produce. For the first time in the history of the Western Hemisphere, the people of America find themselves grappling with a food-card rationing system. The soil and rainfall haven't changed; the land is quite as fruitful as in the lush thirties when 'overproduction' and 'surpluses' were the bugaboo of every farmer. The nub of the problem is labor. Most of the former farm hands are in the Army or in factories. Many a good cow worker who used to hustle from dawn to dusk for a dollar a day is now toting water for ten times that amount. To be sure, the farms have been stripped—but not for action!"

This depopulation of the rural areas has spurred the agitation for the creation of a women's farm corps. It has already been decided that the cream of womanpower, from an age and physical standpoint, automatically will be channeled into farm work in the United States this summer, inasmuch as all high school and college youths are invited into a national organization of volunteer rural help. This unit is now being planned by the Department of Agriculture, the Office of Education, and the War Manpower Commission. Practically every farm organization is clamoring

for co-operation in order to meet more pressing immediate needs. It is conceded in authoritative circles that the Government may soon be obliged to charter special trains and bus fleets with a view to the rapid circulation of seasonal farm workers.

Women's groups are also active in urging this cause. The feminist leaders believe that they scored a triumph in securing recognition for themselves from the War and Navy Departments. Organization of the Waacs and the Waves has only whetted the appetites of the ladies for more commissions, uniforms, parading, saluting, and general sharing of the responsibility for victory. "Votes for women" has had some colorful consequences, not the least of which is the political power now wielded by the fair sex as well as the prominence of many of their number in public life. Those who are in pre-middle-aged groups particularly seem to be taking to heart the advice given at Yale University by the late William Graham Sumner: "If you live in a community run by a committee, be on the committee!"

Some professional feminists in the Capital point out the successful features of the Women's Land Army in Great Britain. This corps, it is alleged, consists entirely of nonagricultural women who, by their accomplishments, have definitely proven the fallacy of the belief that unskilled farm labor cannot be used to good advantage on the farms. Figures are cited to show that the British Women's Land Army, composed of more than 50,000 women, is increasing at the rate of 1,000 a month. Generous rates of pay, an interesting variety of work, and opportunities to travel are the magnets which attract English girls to this "flying column" which either resides on the farms it works or is billeted in nearby villages. The possibilities of an American counterpart of the British ladies' farm labor battalion are the subject of current study in the U. S. Department of Agriculture. The more thoughtful experts confide that the English pattern, due to the size of the United States and other factors, could not be applied without modifications.

A footnote may be appended about the presence of uniformed women in the Capital. It would be a trifle unhistorical to claim that they seek no favors and receive none. There is no more chic and popular figure in the



Women are being trained to replace men in farm work

War Department than that of Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby. And she knows how to radiate personality and charm when she is welcomed to official conferences either with ranking Generals or with the Secretary of War. The latter is known to be favorably impressed with the impact which the feminine contingent has made on the armed forces. But there is no record that any of the girls has tried to join the Marines.

There is a one-man army in the Capital, striving to effect economy in government: Senator Harry F. Byrd of Virginia. Residents of the latter State bear a good share of the income tax burden and their junior Senator spends his days and nights trying to devise ways and means of curtailing Federal expenditures. On the other hand, the Civil Service reports that Federal Government employment is well in excess of 2,539,000, with the principal increases reflected in the rolls of the War Department. A spokesman for the Commission asserts that 1,500,000 of these employees are engaged directly in war production. This is the phase of the discus-

sion which was developed by President Franklin D. Roosevelt in his reply to the Byrd theory of "conspicuous waste" in the operation of the government services. Since the Federal pay rolls are now being swollen at the rate of 100,000 a month, it is likely that Senator Byrd is correct in claiming that a new high of 3,000,000 has been reached for Government workers.

The Virginia Senator is likewise exercised by the drive to raise Government wages and salaries. It is his contention that pay increases should be in proportion to years of service, whereas the current practice is to grant raises with a minimum of delay. Although this claim may be accurate, it must be considered in connection with the skyrocketing cost of living in the National Capital. Recently, one of the most responsible State Department officials confided to friends that he did not see how the girl typists and clerks in Washington could "live on less than two thousand dollars a year."

Mr. Byrd seems to be on safer ground when he criticizes the leakage

in the Farm Security Administration. It has long been notorious in Washington that this agency had the misfortune to inherit a number of liabilities in the shape of housing and homestead projects from the defunct Rural Resettlement Administration and from the equally dead subsistence homesteads' division of the Public Works Administration which, headed by Mr. Harold L. Ickes, instituted them early in the present Administration. Most Congressmen consider that the sum of \$8,000 per housing unit is out of line with the ability of the taxpayer to pay, in addition to all his other burdens.

On the credit side, the FSA officials contend that they are training farmers from cropped-over areas for jobs on dairy farms in such States as Wisconsin, New York, and Maryland, where cream, milk, and butter schedules are falling behind badly. The FSA, it is added, also financed and managed the program by which production was maintained and crops saved on the farms owned by the Japanese evacuated from the West Coast.

Speaking with the Hon. John W. McCormack, Majority Leader of the House of Representatives, I learned that it was not impossible that the war need, if protracted into 1944, would induce President Roosevelt to relinquish his prejudice against a fourth term. The President is known to be immersed in the war movement and therefore disinclined to discuss politics, but his advisers are willing enough to assay possibilities and to offer tentative predictions of what the electorate may expect in case the national emergency does not reach its climax in the next two years.

It is understood that the Hon. Henry A. Wallace, Vice-President of the United States, has had his chance to capture popular support by his direction of the postwar planning division. Now, it would appear that Mr. Wallace will fade, politically, while Mr. Paul V. McNutt is given his big opportunity to lap the field. As Director of an enlarged War Manpower Commission, he is in a strategic position to "win friends and

influence people." It is put down in his favor that he has never been classified with the Leftist fringe of the New Deal. At the same time, his job will furnish many headaches from wage adjustment difficulties, compulsory labor and consumer problems.

Capital observers agree that the loyal Republican opposition, although strengthened numerically, is still laboring under the handicap of trying to cope with the master politician of this generation with a galaxy of second-flight leaders. The new chairman of the Republican National Committee, Mr. Harrison Spangler of Iowa, is about as colorful and powerful a figure as Mr. Alf Landon of Kansas. Widely acclaimed as a "compromise selection," the new chairman is a symbol of the split personality which has developed in the Republican organization ever since it allowed itself to be dominated by Mr. Wendell L. Willkie. The latter, who was once feared as the spokesman of big business, is now moving, albeit cautiously, into the penumbra of the Leftist camp.

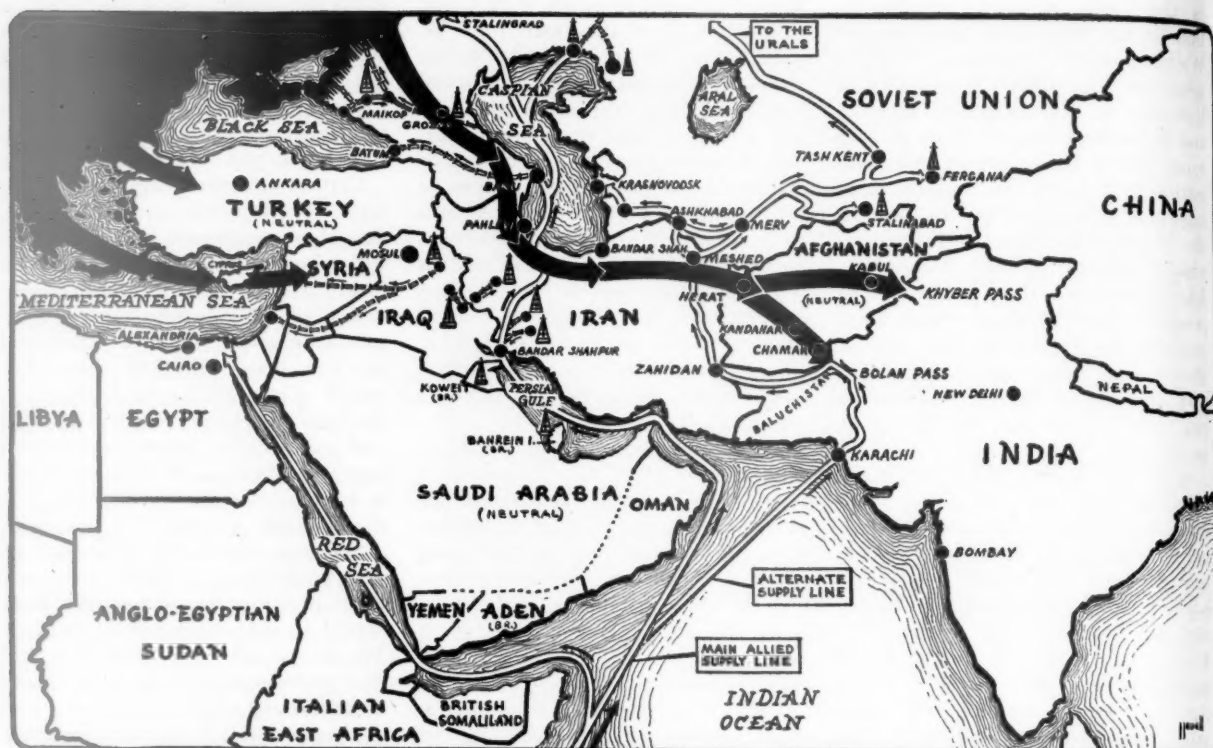
Both Republicans and Democrats in Washington are watching the initial moves of the Hon. Thomas E. Dewey, Governor of New York. The onetime crusading District Attorney is thought to have the vital spark, lacking in recent Republican national candidates, necessary to ignite popular fervor. Although Mr. Dewey has disavowed any intention of submitting his name for the Presidency in 1944, he is in line for the Republican nomination, whether he wants it or not. The New York Governor, not Wendell Willkie (who has never been elected to public office), is the titular leader of those who hope for change. In the background of the duel which is getting under way, there is only one issue: the conduct of the war.

Commenting upon the necessity of subordinating politics to victory, one of the ranking members of the House Military Affairs Committee said to me: "Total war is based on three concepts: planning, surprise, and mass attack. We of the United States have done considerable planning; we have indicated the use to which surprise may be put; there remains the maneuver of mass attack on the enemy citadels. The year 1942 was one of defense; 1943 will go down as the year of offensives on every front. The command is forward!"

Senators Harry Byrd, Kenneth McKellar, and Arthur Vandenberg  
Harris & Ewing







Map by John Ford

**A**LLED successes in Africa increase rather than diminish the probability that in the spring or earlier the Middle East will be the scene of Hitler's final bid for victory. The bitter fight put up by the Germans to retain a foothold in Tunisia shows that they intend to do their utmost to prevent the United Nations from launching an invasion of Europe across the Mediterranean. But in this Hitler is doomed to failure unless he can stage some grand-scale diversion, and to this end nothing would serve his purpose so well as an offensive through Turkey and across the Caucasus.

Russian winter gains in this region at a time when many German units have been withdrawn behind the lines for rest and reorganization should not be overestimated. Very similar developments occurred last year, only to be followed by renewed German attacks. Now is the time for us to try to form a clear picture of exactly what is at stake in the Middle East and what would be entailed by a spring attack on this oil-rich strategic region that may well hold the key to the success or failure in 1943 of our European "second front."

By

H. G. QUARITCH WALES

What makes the Middle East such an alluring objective for the Germans in the near future is that its conquest would enable them to paralyze the United Nations' war effort by no fewer than three separate means. Firstly we should be deprived of all our Middle East oil resources, obliging us to depend for carrying on the war in this theater entirely on supplies brought from the United States by tanker. Then the most important supply route to Russia would be severed, an aid to Germany in stabilizing the Russian front until such time as she would be in a position to turn her whole power against it once more. Finally there would probably be a drive toward India's northwest frontier, a move that might spur Japan to risk an invasion of Bengal on the east.

We can deal with each of these objectives in turn. The greatest oil fields and refineries in the Middle East are those grouped around the

Persian Gulf, in western Iran, Bahrain Island, and Saudi Arabia. Together they produce about a hundred million barrels of crude oil annually. They have been invaluable for supplying the British Navy guarding our supply lines round Africa and also for meeting the needs of India, a country that produces little oil of her own.

For the supply of forces operating from North Africa, however, it is the oil fields of Mosul in Iraq that would be most useful. Although their output is at most one-third of the Persian Gulf sources, the Haifa pipeline enables oil to be brought direct to the powerful Allied naval forces that will be operating in the Mediterranean. The output of the Egyptian oilfields, though valuable at a time when the British were fully occupied with the defense of Egypt, is quite insufficient to supply the continental invasion that the Anglo-American forces are planning to

# Beyond

undertake. Hence, to stall such an offensive, it is against the Iraq and Persian Gulf oil sources that the Germans are likely to concentrate their main efforts.

From the occupied Balkans and northern Black Sea coast, and on the assumption that she will hurl her armies with renewed energy against the Russians in the Caucasus in the spring, one can see from the map that Germany will have a wide choice of jumping-off grounds from which to launch a Middle Eastern offensive. Her chances of success will depend on her ability to attack from many directions at the same time with as much of her old blitzkrieg spirit as she can still muster.

Since the destruction of the Haifa pipeline and the Iraq oil wells would be the most pressing objective, the probability is that Germany would be forced at last to risk the Rhodes, Cyprus, Syria line of attack. Although this possibility has for long been publicized in the press, people familiar with the care usually taken by the German General Staff to secure their

Mosul, though admittedly the Syrian desert is well suited to a rapid mechanized advance once a landing is secured. The main difficulty would be in maintaining communications in face of constant Allied hammering by sea and air.

A factor that must be considered here is that, once the die is cast, Hitler is not likely to allow Turkish neutrality to stand in his way. Supposing for the moment that Turkey allowed passage to German forces—which is now unlikely—or that she was overcome by a blitzkrieg attack launched from three directions at once, this would of course increase the chances of the Cyprus-Syria venture being carried through successfully. Not only would the enemy be able to cover the advance, from occupied air bases on the Turkish south coast, but he would gain the key port of Alexandretta. At the same time he would no doubt try a breakthrough by means of the Turkish railroad system.

Ultimately German success would depend on their being able to re-

establish and expand their gains in the Caucasus when the new campaigning season opens. An advance down the west coast of the Caspian Sea, which is climatically possible at any time of year, would be coupled with thrusts via the Sukhum, Ossetian, and Georgian military highways once the snows in the higher Caucasus have melted. In addition it is not generally known that there are some seventy minor passes through the Caucasus mountains that would lend themselves to infiltration tactics in the summer months, should the desperate Germans decide to take a leaf from the Japanese book.

In the event that the Germans succeeded in reaching the Caspian Sea the danger of their torpedoing Allied hopes of final victory in 1943 would become acute. They would then be in a position to outflank the Caucasus Mountains. As long ago as 1722 the Emperor Peter, when he conquered the southern Caucasus, proved that a rapid advance along the sandy western foreshore of the Caspian is possible. Whether Hitler

## the Caucasus: Oil and India

lines of supply have been skeptical whether Germany ever would venture on such a course. However, in the coming spring Germany will be obliged to take a good many risks that she would not have thought good generalship at an earlier stage.

This particular move would involve an attempt to capture Cyprus by air-borne invasion, which would certainly be a much harder task than was the seizure of Crete. The British are much better prepared; they have land-based aircraft near at hand, and the fleet is in a strong position to operate now that all danger to Alexandria has been removed. Even if the enemy reached Syria his supply line would be at the mercy of Allied air and submarine attack. He would still have five or six hundred miles of desert to cross before he reached

*Will the armies of Turkey be the next foe of the Nazi blitzkrieg?*



could repeat it would depend largely on his ability to gain possession of the Russian shipping on this inland sea, and of course on the United Nations' strength in northwestern Iran.

If the Germans succeeded in capturing the northern Iranian ports of Pahlevi and Bandar Shah, the Allies would be faced with a very serious situation. Forcing their way onto the Iranian plateau, at a time when the passes were becoming free from snow, the invaders would strike directly southward along the Iranian railway to the Persian Gulf. In this manner not only would our most vital oil fields be imperiled from this direction too, but what has developed into our main supply route to Russia would be eliminated.

If the Germans managed to gain a foothold at Bandar Shah, the temptation to press on eastward and at

runs across the bare Baluchistan hills to Zahidan (Duzdab) in Iranian territory. Thence the great problem, at the time I left India, appeared to be the carrying of the new highway across the six hundred miles that, as the crow flies, separate Zahidan from Meshed. Though there are old caravan routes that it was intended to follow, the road has to cross some of the most extraordinarily broken country in the world.

From Meshed there is a road connection with Merv on the Russian railroad which leads to Ashkhabad, the center of a new industrial region. It also gives access to Krasnovodsk, the oil field on the east coast of the Caspian and, if the Russians can retain it, a useful base for bombing German concentrations in the Caucasus. From Merv the railroad runs eastward to the new oil fields of

Afghanistan. From this city the German mechanized forces would be likely to divide into two columns, one directed against each of the only two practicable gateways in the great mountain barrier that from time immemorial has formed the natural defense system of India on the north-west. A metaled road winds south-eastward across the hills from Herat through Kandahar to Chaman and the entrance to the Bolan Pass. This is the more inviting of the two roads to India since the gently sloping terrain approaching the Bolan Pass is more favorable to an attacker than are the rugged approaches to the forbidding Khyber. But the Bolan Pass leads only to further vast desert expanses which would have to be crossed before the invaders would reach the fertile plains and rich commercial cities of Hindustan. In the past every would-be conqueror of India has found that the only route to victory lay through the Khyber Pass.

To reach the Khyber Pass from Herat the German advance would seek to make use of the metaled road running across the Afghan plateau, due eastward through Kabul. But this might not prove so easy unless the Afghans decided to give passage. Their capital is strongly fortified and could be no small obstacle in the way of the invader.

A question that is often asked is, how strong is the Khyber Pass? Without a doubt it is, as it always was, one of the most redoubtable natural defenses in the world. The Hindu Kush and Suleiman Mountains on each side form an impenetrable barrier, so that to gain the plains of India by this route an invading army would have to storm its way for more than twenty miles along something comparable to the lower half of the Grand Canyon.

Naturally the condition of the prepared defenses of the Khyber Pass is a military secret. Needless to say the old pill boxes and strong points that sufficed against the warlike Afridi tribesmen would be useless against a well-equipped invader. But we can be sure that the defenses have been very much strengthened since the beginning of the war, and that the Germans would find the forcing of the pass a very tough undertaking. Much would depend on air support, and it is here that the American air forces that have been steadily arriving in India might prove to be the

*The Khyber Pass is one of nature's most redoubtable defenses*



least make a show of threatening India at the Khyber Pass would be irresistible. An added incentive would be the cutting of the new trans-Iranian "Burma Road" which was projected last year as an alternative means of supplying Russia should the trans-Iranian railway ever be put out of service.

By now this new road may be nearly ready to take some of the burden of Lease-Lend material should the need arise. The intention is that in that case war material en route for Russia could be unloaded at the Indian port of Karachi. From there a branch of the Indian railroad system

Stalinabad and Fergana, and alternately via Tashkent to the industrial fields of the Urals. Our ally must depend largely on the productivity of this new Russian field behind the Urals for the striking force necessary to prevent the enemy from advancing farther into the Caucasus in the spring. Hence it is clear that the cutting of this new supply route at Meshed would be a useful secondary objective to a thrust aimed primarily at India's northwest frontier.

Pushing their advance from Meshed still further eastward across the Persian highland the Germans might soon succeed in reaching Herat in



decisive factor. Actual ground fighting, in view of the unsuitability of the terrain for mechanized warfare, would be largely entrusted to Indian Army units who have, of course, local knowledge and experience that is unrivaled.

To talk of a last-ditch defense of the Indian northwest frontier now seems unnecessarily pessimistic. In any case, the proper way to deal with a threat to our Middle Eastern oil fields and to India would be to tackle it much nearer to its point of origin. We should try to prevent the enemy from fanning out across the various desert routes with the intention of dividing up our armies and destroying them piecemeal. Another reason for dealing with the invaders as near to the source of the trouble as possible is that the apparent vulnerability to flank attack of the long German lines of communication running southwestward across Iran is misleading. They would run parallel to the main ranges of mountains across which it would be difficult for the Allied forces to strike. At the same time it is uncertain what the Russians would be in a position to do on their side.

Thus it would be essential for the British ninth and tenth armies, with American support, to dispute the German attempt even to gain the Iranian plateau, supposing that the Russian defenders of the southern Caucasus had been unable to prevent the enemy from reaching the south Caspian shore. The Elburz Mountains stand in the way and the enemy would have to circumvent them or cross them by certain well-defined passes. And we may be sure that, since taking over Iran, the Allies have done much to improve the defenses the Iranians had prepared in this region with German aid.

At the same time, with the object of preventing a German advance through Turkey, the Allies have no doubt made strong defensive dispositions behind the Anti-Taurus mountains. Their object would be to prevent not only a German advance southward through Aleppo, but also any enemy drive down the Euphrates valley to Basra, and a junction with other columns endeavoring to strike south through Teheran to the head of the Persian Gulf. The recent pronouncements of President Inonu have indicated that now as never before Turkey realizes the acute danger

in which she stands of being involved in the conflict. But fortunately the probability that Turkey will abandon her neutrality and join the Allies in the event of a German attack, or demand to allow passage of troops, has now been much increased as a result of our position in the Mediterranean and the Russian successes.

The Turkish army is composed of

influenced by the turn in the tide of war. In fact the position of the Allies in the Middle East was already immeasurably improved by the timely occupation of Iran, Iraq, and Syria last year. At the time of the Rashid Ali revolt in Iraq the situation was certainly grave. There were possibilities of similar developments in Afghanistan before it was ringed



Nazi goal in the Caucasus—the Russian oil wells at Baku

Black Star photos

excellent fighting material, for the Turk has been said to be the finest natural soldier on earth. In a world that again realizes that man power does count, a million infantrymen would be no small additional weight to fling into the balance at this stage of the war. Nor have the Turks ever lacked leadership. Further, the Turkish terrain is such that it is admirably suited to give an army largely composed of infantry the best chance of fighting a defensive war. Naturally, in much an underindustrialized country, Turkey's factories turning out war material, or capable of conversion, are very limited. She has had to depend on supplies of tanks and planes from abroad at a time when manufacturing countries had few to spare, and in any case were not entirely satisfied as to what use she would make of them. The Germans would make a bid to destroy the small Turkish air force and occupy its air bases in the first twenty-four hours. But the Allies are now well placed to rush planes and mechanized forces to Turkey's assistance.

Not only Turkey but the whole Moslem world has been favorably in-

fluenced by Allied-occupied territory, for that country was formerly a great center of German spying on the northwest frontier and of fifth-column activities. Axis propaganda had also been very persistent among the Arab peoples.

But now Axis propaganda has long been losing its effectiveness, and defeat in the battle of the ether waves has been hastened by the arrival of the American forces in North Africa. Indeed the manner in which the Arab rulers have vied with one another to offer the United States forces an enthusiastic welcome is a portent for the support that may be expected from the whole Moslem world.

Such, then, are the factors that will be involved should the Germans in the spring attempt to turn once more to their *drang nach Osten* as a means of breaking through the steel ring that is slowly but surely closing round them. If the dice now seems heavily loaded in the United Nations' favor, it will be well to bear in mind the enormous issues that are at stake in the Middle East, and the absence of hopeful alternatives for Hitler to choose as his last desperate gamble.

**Should a girl who received a legacy take the advice of a serious young bank clerk or an impractical artist? Linda had to make a choice**

LINDA caught a glimpse of the clock in the jewelry store window and started to run. And then she curbed the traitor impulse firmly and resumed a normal, or even slightly slower than normal gait. What difference did it make to a girl who had just inherited ten thousand dollars if the hands of Mr. Getzelbaum's clock indicated eight-twenty?

A tiny skyrocket of incredulity and elation burst in her brain at the intoxicating thought. Linda had been recurrently dazzled by such mental fireworks ever since she had found the letter from her great-aunt's San Francisco lawyers in her mailbox last night. No wonder some of the flashing stars spilled over into her eyes, making the gray day brighten into a rosy haze about her. But she was brought abruptly back to reality by

the sight of Ken, at the corner ahead, signaling her frantically as a bus careened to a halt. For Ken's sake she hurried just a little, so that her slim feet in their sensible galoshes splashed through the puddles. Ken grabbed her arm and shoved her unceremoniously up the step, just as the bus started.

"Another second," he accused, "and we'd have missed it!"

"I wouldn't have cared if we did," declared Linda.

Ken wormed a way for both of them through the rush hour welter of packed humanity. He anchored himself to a seat handle and Linda anchored herself to him, by means of a hand tucked under his elbow. He said, "Getting a little reckless with a perfectly good job, aren't you?"

He smiled as he said it, but Linda knew he wasn't fooling. Ken seldom said anything he didn't mean. He

was a serious young man, a fitting attitude for anyone who meant to get ahead in the banking business. And Ken meant to get ahead. For a time it had seemed as though conscription might interfere with Ken's carefully laid plans for his future. But an eyesight defect had settled that. Ken was tall and fair and very well turned out. Linda knew he had to dress well, since a good appearance often meant the difference between success and failure. On a salary as small as Ken's, it also meant the difference between even an occasional night club and chop suey restaurants, between orchestra seats at the theater and racing to get into a movie before the price scale changed. But it was, Linda supposed, worth it. At least, Ken felt it was.

Now, Linda thought, aware of the cue his last remark had given her, now is the time to tell him. She squeezed her suede purse, so that the letter within crackled reassuringly. She opened her mouth. But all she said, rather to her own surprise, was "I suppose you're right, Ken."

Somehow, you couldn't simply an-

*A voice behind her said firmly, "Come, come, my girl. Don't stand there mooning. I want service"*



nounce on a crowded bus to the man you meant to marry some day, when he could afford the luxury of marriage, that a great-aunt whom you had never seen had died and left you her money. Linda supposed it was perverse of her to want to hug the still incredible secret a little longer to her breast, savoring its every ramification, basking in endless possibilities. Why, if she liked, she could quit her job this very day! The letter had stated that an advance could be arranged. Avidly Linda explored the idea. Never to punch a clock again, never to stand graciously helpful, while your feet ached. Never to murmur to a preening customer, "It's so becoming, madam. That line above the eyes, that little lift of the brim—why, the hat was made for you!"

Illustrated by PAUL KINNEAR

up with Ken, taking two steps to his one, Linda had no breath left for confidences. But when, approaching State Street where their paths diverged, he asked suddenly, "You're not ill, are you? I never knew you to be so quiet," Linda's heart warmed to the solicitude in his tone. He was sweet, really. He deserved to know at once of her great good fortune. But the clock on the corner caught her eye. If she told him now, they'd both be late for work. And while her job was no longer important, Ken's was.

She said, "No, I feel fine." And then she suggested, "Come up for dinner tonight, why don't you? I—I've something special to tell you."

Ken, too, had glimpsed the corner

couldn't be—and yet it was! A man in the French Corner! And what a man! Linda's startled gaze took in bilious-brown sun glasses, a disreputable hat. His overcoat was all right and there seemed to be nothing wrong with his face, so far as Linda could tell.

The man leaned nearer, one finger raised warningly. He hissed, "Don't stare at me like that—I'm *incognito*!"

Linda's eyes widened. He couldn't be Clark Gable—and he wasn't tall enough for Gary Cooper.

She began apologetically, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be rude—only—" A faint resentment at the young man's tone, his manner, stirred in her. After all, she was a human being, too, not a doormat for anyone who came into Taylor's to wipe his feet on! Today of all days. She

# ROOT of ALL EVIL

## ROSAMOND DU JARDIN

Linda had worn black so constantly during the two years she had worked in Taylor's millinery department that she often felt like a widow. When she quit her job, she decided, she would go in for dashing color. She would have a fur coat, too, and a hat from the French Corner. Perhaps she had better wait to resign until she had purchased these glamorous new additions to her wardrobe. There was her employee's discount to consider. And ten per cent was ten per cent, even to a girl with ten thousand dollars.

"The stock market," said Ken, who had managed a couple of cramped peeks at his morning paper, "is 'way down. This would be a grand time to invest some money—if a person had any. Nothing speculative, of course, just good sound stuff. It's the investor of today who'll be the wealthy man of tomorrow."

Murmuring agreement, Linda felt herself coloring guiltily as though, by her frivolous thoughts of furs and lovely clothes, she had been a traitor to all that Ken believed in.

They got off the bus at Randolph Street and plunged into the stream of morning traffic. Hurrying to keep

clock. He gave her arm a hasty squeeze, agreeing, "Okay, Linda. See you at seven."

Nothing was changed in the millinery department at Taylor's, yet everything seemed different. The inner knowledge that she could quit when she pleased made Linda aware of a warmer ring in the greetings of her fellow salesgirls. Even Miss Cuthbert, the buyer, seemed less like an austere dragon than usual against the familiar background of chartreuse hangings and pale gray rugs.

Linda gathered up salesbook and pencil and made her way among the laden tables to the French Corner. This morning she didn't mind dusting the shining cases where bits of velvet and felt and fur, fashioned by artist hands, were set apart. There was one in particular, an exquisitely draped turban with a trailing, impractical scarf . . . such hats had never made much impression on Linda before. But today was different. She stood entranced, feasting her eyes on its loveliness.

A voice behind her said firmly, "Come, come, my girl. Don't stand there mooning. I want service."

Incredulously Linda turned. It

finished, amazed at her own daring, "Only you look so queer, it's enough to make anyone stare!"

"Do I?" inquired the young man, obviously pleased. "I thought I looked pretty weird, but it's hard to judge just how effective a disguise is on yourself."

"Disguise?" echoed Linda, intrigued in spite of herself. "But—but who are you?"

"You won't give me away?"

Linda shook her head.

The young man glanced quickly all about and then, apparently satisfied, he whispered, "I'm Jerry Drew."

"Jerry—Drew?" Linda repeated politely, if uncertainly. And then, remembering her new status in the world, recalling the cataclysmic letter from San Francisco, she said flatly, "I never heard of Jerry Drew."

"Neither have a lot of other people," beamed the young man. "But they will. Give me another year, or even six months." He appeared to consider the matter judiciously. "Yes, on the whole, I think six months will be plenty."

"But what," inquired Linda, frowning, "is the idea of the disguise if no one ever heard of you?"



"I didn't say no ne had. I said a lot of people hadn't. And that's where the disguise comes in. If I went around dressed as other men and minus my dark glasses, would anyone turn to stare at me, would anyone point a finger and ask, 'Who is that guy?' No! As it is, lots of people ask about me. And—who knows?—maybe there'll be someone around who can tell them, 'Why, that's Jerry Drew, the artist. Don't tell me you never heard of Jerry Drew!' So then, right away, the fellow who inquired feels ashamed of his ignorance, his lack of culture. And some day when he needs a still life of two lemons and some broccoli on a Wedgwood plate or a portrait of his wife, he'll think of me and I'll get the job. It's just a matter of showmanship—perfectly simple."

Linda said coolly, curbing an impulse toward laughter, "It sounds simple," and then she asked, in her most businesslike manner, "Is there something you wanted?"

"Why, yes," admitted the as yet obscure artist, Jerry Drew. "I want a hat. Something large—" he made descriptive gestures, "something that kind of dips down in front. Pink, I guess, or some other very pale shade. With roses."

Linda said frigidly, "This is scarcely the time to find pink cartwheel hats in any store!"

"You mean—" his tone was bleak, "you haven't got any?"

"Naturally not! It's too early for resort fashions. It's—it's—Why, the very idea is ridiculous! What in the world," demanded Linda out of a logical curiosity, "would anyone want with a hat like that in the winter?"

"It's for a cover design," Jerry informed her dejectedly. "You know, one of those luscious blondes with flowers in her arms? I've got the blonde and the flowers are easy. Maybe I could fake the hat, but there's the light and shadow angle—"

LINDA heard her voice saying impulsively, "I had a cartwheel hat last summer. It's blue and it has a velvet bow instead of roses—but perhaps—"

"You mean," Jerry Drew stared down at her with such heartfelt emotion that Linda backed a little away, "you'd let me borrow it? You're swell, d'you know it? I'll do anything for you, anything you say. I'll paint

your portrait or—or—" his voice trailed off. He grabbed Linda's arm purposefully. "What are we waiting for?"

Linda withdrew her arm with dignity. She said firmly, "I'll be busy until the store closes. If you care to pick up the hat this evening—" she recalled abruptly that Ken was coming to dinner at seven—"at six-thirty," she finished, "I'll have it ready for you."

She wrote her name and address on the back of an envelope Jerry proffered. She smiled, a politely impersonal smile of dismissal.

No sooner had the elevator doors clicked shut than Miss Cuthbert strolled over to the French Corner. "Who," she inquired, "was that strange person in the dark glasses?"

A demon of mischief danced in Linda's gray eyes. She asked, very low, "Didn't you recognize him? That was Jerry Drew."

"Jerry Drew?" Miss Cuthbert sounded puzzled.

"Yes, of course. The artist, you know?"

"Oh! Oh yes—the artist—" Miss Cuthbert broke off vaguely. She murmured, turning away, "I don't believe I ever saw him before—close up, I mean."

It was six o'clock when Linda opened the door of the old house, remodeled into apartments, that was her home. She was loaded down with bundles from the corner grocery and, because this dinner was to be in the nature of a celebration, she clutched in one hand a cone-shaped, waxed-paper-wrapped bouquet of tea roses. She had climbed one flight of stairs and was starting up the second when an authoritative voice from above hailed her.

"Wait! I'll help you."

Feet descended the stairs quickly. Linda peered out between a bunch of celery and the roses. Even in the murky dimness and despite the fact that he had left off his glasses, she recognized Jerry Drew.

She asked, as he took over her bundles, "Aren't you a little early?"

"Promptness is still considered a virtue, isn't it?" He followed her up the stairs. "Boy, these smell good!"

"The roses?" asked Linda, groping for her key.

"No, the food. You know, there is a staunch earthiness about the fragrance of food—and I'm nothing if

not earthy." "Ah," he exclaimed, peering into one of the bags he carried, "avacados! Maybe I ought to see if I can't get a job selling hats!"

They were both laughing as Linda switched on the lights in her cozy chintz-and-maple living room. Somehow Jerry didn't seem like a stranger she had met only that morning. He headed toward the kitchenette and Linda called after him, "Just put the things down anywhere; I'll hunt up the hat for you."

WHEN she returned to the living room, the hatbox clutched in her hand, Jerry Drew was not in sight. Mystified, Linda followed a subdued splashing and clatter to its source.

Jerry, one of her aprons tied around his middle, his coat and hat discarded on a chair, was peeling potatoes at the tiny sink. On the stove Linda's copper kettle bubbled cheerfully. Lettuce was crisping in a bowl of water and the roses were stuck rakishly in a milk bottle.

He came toward her, wiping his wet hands on the silly little apron. He took the box and pulled a pale blue cartwheel, with a velvet bow of soft rose, from its nest of tissue. "Say, that's it! That's exactly what I had in mind. I'll take good care of it, believe me. And if I sell the cover, we'll have a spree. A real one. Dinner and dancing and I'll send you orchids. In the meantime," Jerry put the hat back and bowed low, his hand on his heart in an extravagant gesture, "will you accept my humble services for the evening? You just sit down and look pretty and I'll do everything—even the dishes."

Linda opened her mouth to decline, to explain about Ken—and then she closed it again with nothing said. Jerry had gone back cheerfully to his self-appointed task. Never, Linda realized, in the two and one-half years she had known Ken, had he offered to help her prepare a dinner. Occasionally he brought along ice cream for dessert. Sometimes he objected, although never strenuously, when she suggested that they stack the dishes until morning.

Linda's chin lifted in sudden decision. After all, this was her home and her party. And there was plenty of steak. So if she wanted to invite another guest—and she wanted to very much—it was certainly her privilege.

She told Jerry, "I'd love to have



*Jerry, one of her aprons tied around his middle, was peeling potatoes at the tiny sink*

you stay. There'll be another guest."

Jerry whirled, an expression of almost ludicrous chagrin on his face. "Oh, say—I'm sorry. I didn't realize I was barging in—"

Linda was laughing. "It won't make a bit of difference. And I'm counting on you to broil steaks while I fix salad..."

The dinner was a great success despite Ken's initial amazement at the presence of Jerry Drew. Ken's well-groomed height made Jerry seem short and casually garbed. But Jerry's flashing wit and effervescent nonsense made Ken appear stiff and almost pompous. Watching them, Linda was struck by an idea. A very gem of an idea.

They were having coffee before the very small wood fire in the tall old-fashioned fireplace when Linda

exploded her bombshell. For just a moment the two men stared at her blankly. Then Jerry grinned, a wide grin, infectious. But Ken frowned.

Ken spoke first, incredulous, a little injured. "Ten thousand dollars! And—you knew this morning?"

"I meant to tell you," Linda's voice was apologetic. "And then we were so rushed—and—oh, somehow I couldn't quite believe it yet myself."

Jerry spoke eagerly. "Linda, that's swell!" He had been calling her Linda since dessert. "It's the swellest thing I ever heard of!"

Ken was equally sincere, if less exuberant, in his congratulations. Linda thanked them both. "Of course," she went on, "the estate won't be settled for several months. But it's fun to plan what I'll do with it." She glanced expectantly from

Ken to Jerry. "Any suggestions?"

Ken's gaze was thoughtful. "Ten thousand dollars . . . You know, if the market stays as it is, there's no telling the profits to be made by investing that amount shrewdly."

"Investing!" exclaimed Jerry, appalled. "Oh, come now, fella! She wants to have fun first. I'd suggest travel."

"That's what I thought," Linda agreed. "First I'll put some of the money in war bonds, then New Orleans," she dreamed aloud. "California—"

But Ken cut in earnestly, "Linda, listen to me. I'll arrange an interview for you with Mr. Geldes at the bank. If I can't talk some sense into you, I'm sure he can."

"But, Ken—" Linda's tone was wistful, "I don't want to be terribly sensible. I've grown pretty fed up with selling hats and riding buses and wearing bargain basement clothes—"

"Of course you have," Jerry seconded.

"It's a perfectly good job," reminded Ken. "And there's the future to consider."

"The present's important, too," Jerry insisted.

All evening long they argued and got nowhere.

At ten-thirty Jerry rose pointedly. "This has been swell—but tomorrow's a working day. Guess I'll run along."

Ken, however, declined to follow suit. He sat in stubborn silence, arms crossed, jaw forbidding, while Jerry donned hat and coat, picked up Linda's big hatbox and departed.

Linda came slowly back to the dying fire and sat down. She sighed, so small a sigh that Ken didn't even notice.

He leaned forward earnestly and took her two hands in his. He said, "Darling, I hope you won't permit yourself to be influenced by that fellow's crazy notions! He—why he's nothing at all to you, a casual acquaintance. Naturally I have your best interests at heart. You're the girl I intend to marry."

Linda asked softly, her eyes on the warm red embers, "Am I, Ken?"

"Of course." He seemed annoyed at the question. "Surely you realized the reason I was never more—more definite about it was because of my salary. I assumed you knew what my feelings were—and understood that

eventually—" he was floundering rather badly.

Linda took pity on him and nodded, still not looking up. "Yes, I suppose I did understand that, Ken—only—let's not go into it all tonight." Gently, but firmly, she withdrew her hands from his. "I—I'm really very tired . . ."

But when Ken had gone, she sat on before the fire, thinking. Wondering. Strange that Ken had never actually committed himself to a proposal of marriage until she inherited money. Could it be cause and effect? Or was it unfair, even in her own mind, to impute such motives to Ken?

A sound, light but insistent, broke into her reverie. Someone was knocking, but who could it be at this hour? Unless Ken had forgotten something—Linda moved quickly across the lamplit room, opened the door. Jerry Drew stood in the dim hallway, his grin faintly apologetic.

He said, "I knew that guy wouldn't leave till I did. So I waited in the drugstore across the street. Because I had to see you alone, if only for a minute." Suddenly his voice was husky. "Listen, Linda—darling—will you marry me?"

Rage rose in Linda and a hot young pride. And because she could have wept with disappointment in him, her voice was icily contemptuous. "Aren't you rushing things a little? Remember, I'm that girl you met this morning."

"What's that got to do with it?" Jerry demanded. Evidently the possibility of marrying ten thousand dollars had deafened him to subtle nuances of inflection.

"You'll give me a day to think it over, I suppose?" Linda said bitterly.

He got it then. His brown eyes narrowed a little. He said, "Linda, what's wrong? You don't think—"

"Ah, but I do," Linda assured him mockingly. "Isn't it pretty obvious? Struggling young artist—poor working girl—who's suddenly come into money—" Her voice deepened, strengthened. "Will you go away now? And never come back again? I—don't think I ever despised anyone quite so much, Jerry Drew!"

She got the door closed and locked before her tears spilled over. She heard him go down the stairs and out of her life . . .

Ken began reasoning with Linda as soon as they boarded a bus the

following morning. And, rather to his surprise, he didn't encounter the opposition he expected.

She promised quietly, "I won't quit my job right away, Ken. And I'm not going to ask for an advance from the estate. Later when it's all settled—I'll decide what I want to do—"

Ken laid his hand briefly on hers where it rested in the crook of his elbow. "That's a sensible girl."

But Linda didn't feel sensible—and she certainly didn't care for the smug possessiveness in Ken's tone. She didn't seem to like Ken very well any more—which was absurd, when she had thought herself on the verge of loving him. Could you fall out of love with one man and into love with another even less admirable? A crazy artist, with an eye to the main chance—but so gay, Linda remembered, so friendly and kind and helpful . . . She jerked herself up with a firm hand. Jerry Drew wasn't as he had seemed just at first. Hadn't his subsequent actions proved that clearly? Then what was wrong with her—fed up with Ken—despising Jerry—and so unhappy, so unsure? Maybe the old proverb about money being the root of all evil had its basis in cold hard fact.

The days straggled past. As far as Linda's external life was concerned, she might never have inherited a cent. Life wasn't even as much fun as it had been before, with her inexplicable dislike for Ken growing and a constant little ache of disillusionment whenever a vagrant thought of Jerry Drew intruded.

AND then one evening as she climbed the stairs to her apartment, she saw him waiting at the top.

He said, sounding a little diffident, his young mouth stern, "I brought back your hat."

Linda said, "You needn't have bothered."

It was dim in the little hall. She couldn't see Jerry very well. But their fingers touched as he handed over the hatbox and Linda was appalled at the pounding of her heart. You fool, she thought, feeling like this when you ought to hate him . . .

Jerry said, still diffidently, but making no move to go, "You haven't quit your job yet—or done any of the things you planned."

"No."

"Why not?" He asked it unwillingly,

ly, yet as though he couldn't help himself.

Absurdly Linda felt like crying. It was all so ugly, so hopeless—and she loved him. She loved him, even knowing the kind of man he was. And because she loved him, she could sense the unhappiness behind his words—and perhaps, if he had been unhappy too, he cared for her a little—not just for her miserable inheritance.

She began, her voice thick, unsteady, "I didn't do them—because I couldn't—"

"Couldn't?" The incredulity in Jerry's tone sounded almost like hope. "You mean—you're not going to get the money—there's some mistake?"

On a sudden inspired impulse, Linda nodded, putting it all to the test—risking everything, or nothing, as the case might be.

Miraculously Jerry's arms went around her. He was saying, "Thank God, darling. Then maybe you'll believe I love you—and that it wasn't your little two-bit inheritance I wanted."

"Jerry . . . Jerry, darling," Linda murmured against the cool hardness of his face. "I've loved you, too—from the beginning—and it was such a mess—"

"But—" Jerry hesitated only a fraction of a second, "you'll marry me now? You're not afraid of existing on a second-rate artist's earnings?"

Linda's eyes were clouded momentarily. "I'm not afraid of anything, darling—but—but I can't go on deceiving you. I still have ten thousand dollars coming to me—but I had to be sure of you—and you gave me such a swell chance."

Jerry's grin was crooked. "Two deceivers in one family is a pretty heavy average—but we ought to be congenial at least. Did you ever hear of Drew's Delicia Creams for that Camelia Complexion? The Drew family was doing all right, honey, before their son and heir decided to practice his art on canvas instead of in the cosmetic business."

Linda's eyes widened. "Drew's Creams—why—why of course!"

"And now if you haven't any objection to marrying a guy who's going to quit doing cover designs and start doing camouflage for the army in a few weeks—let's go out and buy an engagement ring."

Linda had no objection.



# Woman to Woman

## by Katherine Burton

### New Year Resolves

THE NEW YEAR brings with it every year a sense of beginning again, a wiping clean the slate of the past year's mistakes and a resolve not to see the same mistakes at the end of the coming year. Each year brings some new resolution, and one which we are going to have to make this year is to be simple—in food, in clothing, in play—in everything, in fact, except in work. And much good will be derived from this insistence, this necessity for the plain rather than the lavish. Only I wish that the next time we could be simple because we want to and not because we have to.

In recent years we have sometimes carried things too far in small things, in little ways as well as larger ones. How weary one grew of the ads full of "taste thrills" and "exciting dresses." Maybe it is a good thing that for a while an extra cup of coffee will provide a taste thrill and the simple blue of the Red Cross uniform take the place of the exciting little dresses.

We are at war—women as well as men, as is always the case in war. And laments for the material sound silly when one hears the weeping of those who have suffered human and spiritual losses. The idea recently promulgated, of limiting incomes to twenty-five thousand a year, sounds drastic, although a very small percentage of the population have such an income; such an act may take away a freedom guaranteed by our Constitution. But there is also the thought that to keep a great freedom we must give up certain others temporarily, which are often only an insistence on comfort and ease. There is the even stronger thought that it is better to give up a small part of Constitutional freedom for a while rather than lose all that freedom and the Constitution as well by losing the war.

### The Models of Simplicity

SIMPLICITY OF LINE in a picture will always hold the eye rather than one which is laden with decorations. The great artists painted the Madonna with a beautiful simplicity and the decor, if there was any, usually consisted of a background. Later and lesser men put on the complicated clothing of their own day, and the importance of Our Lady and the Child was lost in unimportant detail.

We have in the past years lost much that was valuable in detail. Not only in the costly shops but in the cheap stores there has been too much of everything—too many toys, too many varieties of clothing and food, and even of containers for clothing and food—too much competition among advertisers for unessentials.

This year we must perforce be simple. But there is no reason why we cannot add to enforced simplicity some of our own choosing. Just as we have all grown accustomed to too much frippery, and become satiated with too much sugary stuff, we must now take only the food that nourishes, the clothing that warms. We who are not called on to do the actual fighting, must be armed too—with endurance, with courage, with unselfishness. And we must turn, with a truer realization, to those who better represent these qualities in their greatest degree than any who ever lived on earth—to Our Lord and His Mother.

### Christian Propaganda

WAR CARTOONS are apt to be unpleasant. Recently I saw one in color and it had been bad enough in black and white. It shows in the foreground a Japanese soldier dead. One sees only his hands and feet and his face, all red with blood. The rest of his body is completely flattened by the marks of a tank, the tracks of which grow smaller in the distance and end with the tank which made them. On the tank sits an American soldier, a flag waving over his head. The caption is "A Good Jap—" and there are drops of blood hanging from the letters. It was drawn, so I read, by a woman whose husband was killed in Japan.

Even to look at the picture fills one with a desire to get rid of it before others will see it. It outrages all civilized—certainly all Christian ideals. In the heat of battle anything can happen, but this is only one Japanese and he is alone and the tank has rolled over him.

Aside from the fact that such a picture comes close to being an actual atrocity, how does anyone think it will be used elsewhere than in the United States? To show such a picture in Japan, as will certainly be done, will not make the lot of our prisoners there any easier.

And after it is all over—for wars do end—how will this make things for our missionaries—the men and women who stayed where they were sent as long as they could and who waved farewell to their Japanese converts who lined the shores weeping and begging them to come again some day?

For many months past a cartoon has been tacked on church doors which much better exemplifies the Christian ideal. It shows a ruined church and trees broken by gun fire, and the figure of a woman kneeling in the foreground. "Pray for peace" it says. Our Lord often gave commands that are hard to hear and harder to follow, and perhaps none is harder than "God forgave them—" But it is the essence of His life and should be, even if in a faltering way, of ours.

# Catholic Medical Service Of China

By RONALD NORRIS, C.P.

**I**T WAS murder. Some ninety-nine Japanese bombers power-dived on a sheltered pocket in Northwest Hunan. The natives were trapped like rats within the walled city of Yüanling. Machine-gun strafing from the air cut off their confused retreat through the city gates. Incendiary bombs of the vultures of destruction left behind a flaming city—and 5,000 dead.

The hospitals of the place could not cope with the emergency. The Catholic hospital conducted by the Passionist Fathers was swamped. Wounded and dying filled the building and overflowed into the church, and over the surrounding lawns. Help was imperative. S O S calls were sent out. The Catholic Medical Service swung into action. Within a few days a truckload of urgently needed medical supplies and extra doctors were on the job—in time to save the lives of hundreds.

The Catholic Medical Service of China is our Catholic Red Cross. It does everything: Catholic welfare work and refugee relief. It even plays host to the great personages who visit China's wartime capital. Recently Bishop Yu-Pin, its head and founder, was host to Wendell Willkie in China. He accompanied President Roosevelt's personal representative on a tour of the Yellow River Front. Bishop Yu-Pin was on a mission of mercy to North China, bringing relief to the peasants there clutched in the grip of hunger.

Father Leo Ferrary, O.F.M., a remarkable Franciscan Missionary, is in charge of the Welfare Bureau of the Catholic Medical Service. The "Axis Missionaries" in China can thank Father Ferrary after Bishop Yu-Pin that they are free to remain and to work in China. He figured powerfully in bringing about the generous attitude of the Chinese Government toward "Enemy National Missionaries." Has your school been

closed by some local war lord? Have retreating soldiers occupied your Mission? Or do you want your passport fixed up? Father Ferrary is just the man you need. He has friends all over Chungking.

The Red Cross end of the Catholic Medical Service is my work. Officially I was Director—in reality just a truck driver. We used to truck medical supplies from the coast into the vast hinterland of China. Not exactly a joy ride. Plenty of color though.

It was difficult to get medicines into "Free China." For the past five years the Japanese Navy had been blockading China ports. The Japanese Army had closed in on the seacoast cities. Almost daily Japanese planes strafed the China roads. It was an accomplishment to get a truckload of medical supplies through.

Briefly, here is the setup on Chinese hospitals. The Government hospitals are taken care of by the China Red Cross. All praise to them; they do a splendid job. The Protestant hospitals, of which there are many, are supplied by the so-called "International Red Cross." (Not the "International Red Cross of Geneva.") They receive their medicines from many sources, not the least of which is the American Red Cross. The Catholic hospitals in "Free China," some twenty-five of them, are serviced by our Catholic Medical Service. We buy practically all of our medical supplies.

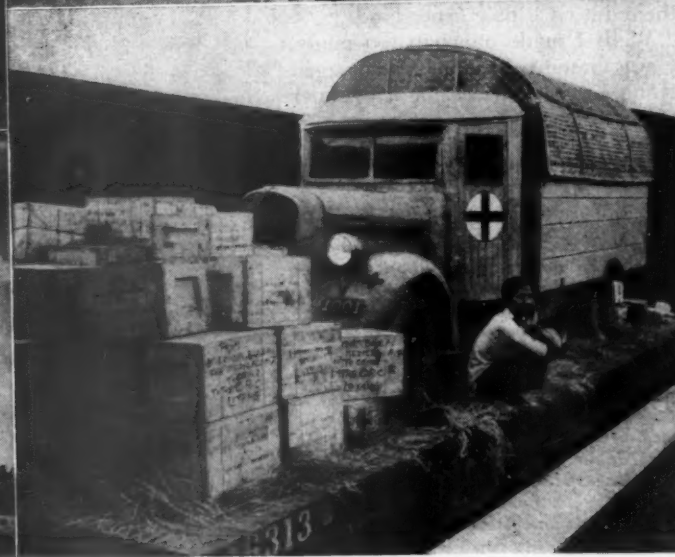
At first we used to get our medical supplies in Shanghai, ship them up the Yangtze River, then across the Yangtze Basin into the far-flung corners of the interior. After the Japanese closed the Yangtze River we used to bring our supplies by junk into one or another of the Shanghai-area ports—Wenchow or Ningpo, then truck them into "Free China." When the Japanese blockaded all the ports in that area we went south.

Working out of Hong Kong there are many ports through which we got medicines into China. In the early days of the war we worked the Canton-Kwangtung-Hunan Railroad. This was direct and cheap. Then the Japanese Army occupied Canton. We shifted to other ports in the Hong Kong area. By well-placed bribes (the Japanese are not above such considerations) we smuggled through large shipments of medical supplies. When the whole China Coast closed up like a clam, we headed further south deep into the tropics.

It was like a race for life that the sick might live. We had to keep one step ahead of invading armies. If the road was cut here, we had to shuttle there, perhaps a thousand miles or so away. Anything to keep the medicines flowing without interruption into our hospitals.

In Indo-China we plied the "Cowban" Road. This famous Asia road runs from Hanoi, across Kwangchi and Kweichow to Szechuan. One day while in Haiphong, a coastal city near Hanoi, I saw the Nipponese fleet closing in upon that port. It was clear that Indo-China would soon fall to the enemy. Losing no time, I sent my medical supplies across the border. The next morning I fortunately got passage on a plane to far-off Rangoon, Burma.

I trucked the Burma Road. This road, China's Back Door, runs from Rangoon to Chungking—some 2,000 miles long. As Asia roads go, it is a good one, but it is tough. The mountains in the Mekong-Salween River area rise to a height of some 10,000 feet. The Burma Road twists and turns around and across the mountains of China's great Wild West, like a global serpent lying across a whole continent. I'm told that the Red Cross average about five round trips to each truck; then they junk it. Our transportation expenses used to approximate the original





cost of our medical supplies. If we loaded one truck with two tons of medicines, we'd need another truck just for the gasoline—fifteen drums of fifty-three gallons each.

In general, only the military use gasoline in China. Other fuel is used, however. One of our trucks had a "gasogene unit." This burns charcoal. The gas thus generated is fed into any motor of external combustion, such as our American autos. Other trucks burn alcohol, which is cheaply manufactured in China. Both charcoal and alcohol are all right on a relatively level terrain; when you hit the high mountains, however, you've got to have gasoline. In Chungking the passenger buses use vegetable oil—cabbage oil. You can smell them before you can see them, like a cabbage dinner coming down the street!

One day I visited Bangkok, Thailand, more popularly known as Siam. While there I heard that the Japanese Army was in large numbers along the Thai border. It was clear that the Japanese would soon invade Thailand, cross over into Burma and cut the Burma Road. I hurried back to Rangoon and sent my trucks loaded back to China—their last trip over the Burma Road. I hopped a boat back to Hong Kong, a ten-day trip. I had heard that in Hong Kong the American Red Cross was transporting medical supplies by air into "Free China." This air-transport service was great—swift and not too expensive, some \$200 per ton. Medical supplies would be flown over the Japanese lines and dumped some 150 miles inside China. Our trucks would pick up the supplies and bring them into China's hinterland.

Well, I made one trip too many. I was caught by the Japanese in Hong Kong—and became a prisoner of war.

*A message brought out by Fr. Ronald  
Stanley Internment Camp  
June 25th, 1942*

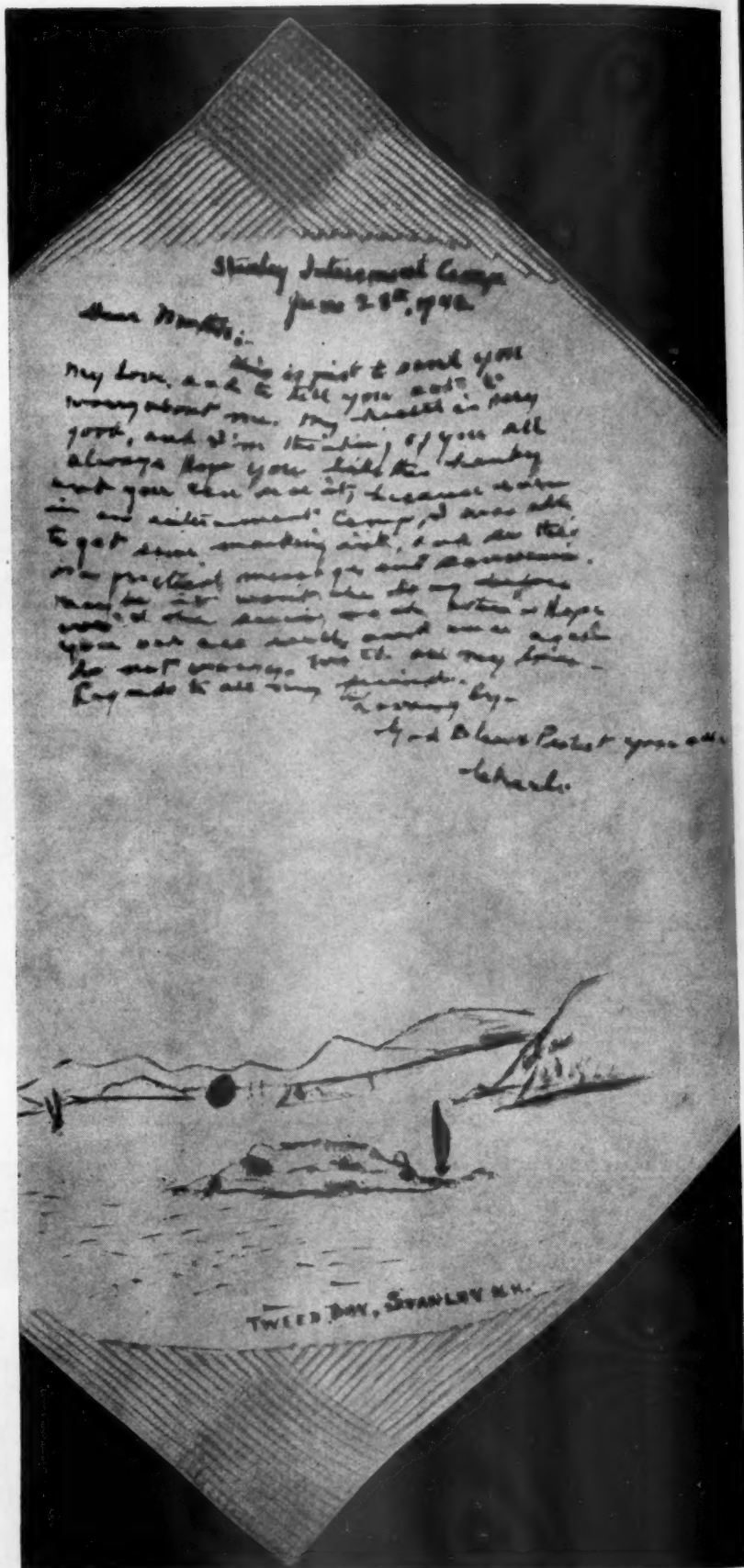
*Dear Mother:—*

*This is just to send you my love, and to tell you not to worry about me. My health is very good, and I'm thinking of you all always. Hope you like the hanky and you can use it, because even in an internment camp, I was able to get some marking ink, and so this is a practical message and souvenir. Maybe it won't be long before we'll be seeing each other. Hope you are all well, and once again do not worry. With all my love. Regards to all my friends.*

*Lovingly—*

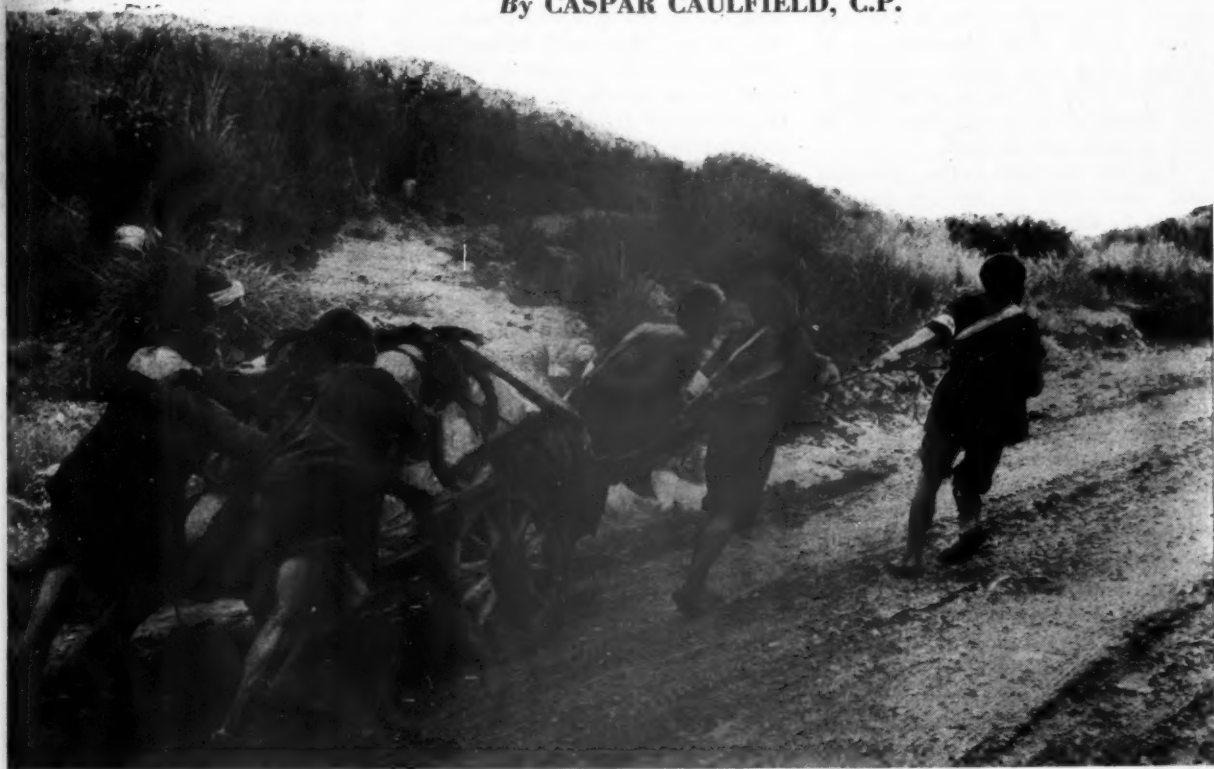
*God bless and protect you all.*

*Charl.*



# Chinese Puzzle—Solved

By CASPAR CAULFIELD, C.P.



Three Lions

*Dragging the mail over the hills of interior China—a delivery service intolerably slow, but amazingly reliable*

**REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR!** The day before, the picture of "Passionists in China" was clear. It was like a landscape that stretched from the high, green mountains of Hunan to the feudal moats and gate towers of Peking, and the white skyscrapers on the tropical bay of Hong Kong. It was a composite picture made up of many individual pieces, all fitting harmoniously together—each Missionary, within his sphere, doing the task assigned him. It was like one of these jigsaw puzzle scenes freshly assembled and neat in its box. But on December eighth, the Japanese dropped a bomb squarely in the middle of this orderly arrangement, scattering the bits, losing many of them.

Eight long months passed before the anxious Missionaries in Hunan could put the puzzle together again.

At times it seemed to them that, like Humpty Dumpty after his fall, it never could be pieced together again. But it was. The solution as given here will make an interesting check for the readers of *THE SIGN* against the true story of what took place, as told by the Missionaries themselves who were at first lost—and then found!

At the war's outbreak in the Pacific, nine Passionist Missionaries disappeared into the smoke of battle. Bishop Cuthbert O'Gara of Yüanling, Hunan, was in Hong Kong receiving medical treatment. With him were Fathers Arthur Benson and Ronald Norris, Procurators of the Passionist Missions. To the north in Peking, Father Leo Berard and five student missionary priests were stationed at the Passionist House of Chinese Language Study in that city. These nine

Passionist Fathers were lost track of. They were in the gravest danger.

Our Passionist Superiors in Hunan, Father Paul Ubinger, Vicar Delegate, and Father Raphael Vance, Religious Superior, instantly acted for the safety of our Missionary Fathers in Hong Kong and Peking. But only a person in China at that time would realize the helplessness of those first frantic days after the declaration of war. All communications were broken. Letters and telegrams marked "urgent" were hurriedly dispatched—like so many rockets shot off to Mars. They went, but never returned. Our Hunan Missions are over a thousand miles from the China Coast; every link joining this interior Province with the coast was severed. Only one mail route remained in operation: this the cross-continent road out through the back

door of China's Wild West, across India to the sea, blockaded by Japanese men-of-war. An S O S sent out through this route took six months to bring an answer.

Christmas came and passed. Not a single item of information reached Hunan. Hong Kong fought and fell. Peking was occupied by the Japanese. Still no word. Torn between doubt and anxiety, we feared the worst. Were our Missionaries in Hong Kong and Peking still alive? Or were they interned, prisoners of the Japanese? Our only hope lay in prayer and trust in God.

Appeals were sent to the embassies and consulates of foreign governments in China. These letters were answered most courteously: no information about our nine Missionaries had come through up to that time. Other appeals were sent to the Vatican, and to the Apostolic Delegations of China and India. An attempt was made to forward a letter to Bishop O'Gara himself through the diplomatic mail pouch of a neutral nation. No go. Nothing seemed to click.

We are indebted to the Maryknoll Society for finally locating Bishop O'Gara and the other captured Missionaries. The Maryknoll Fathers of Kweilin, China, sent the first word. About the middle of February we received the following few lines. They were gathered from a messenger who had managed to slip through the Japanese lines at Hong Kong with a letter from Sister Paul to the Maryknoll Missionaries of Free China:

"Our Fathers are all at Stanley, including eight or nine new Fathers who came via Clipper the day before the war started. Stanley (House) was partly occupied by British soldiers. All went to heaven. Our Fathers tied in bunches of six for 48 hours with water and crackers. All living to tell the tale."

Simultaneously we received, through a slip-up in the Japanese censorship, a receipt for a registered letter that had been sent to the Fathers in Peking just before the war. This three-inch square of red paper, printed over with Chinese characters, also bore the seal of our Peking House of Studies. It carried the date of December 27th; it was signed by Father Leo Berard. This gave us reason to believe that our Fathers in Peking were still resident at our house there. If they had not

been interned by December 27th—three weeks after the war—then perhaps they would not be interned at all.

About the first of March we received the following report forwarded to us by the Maryknoll Fathers of Kweilin. A Cantonese refugee from Hong Kong brought it to them:

"The first three nights after Christmas, all the Fathers and Brothers in the House (Maryknoll House) were tied together in groups of six, and made to lie on the floor with nothing to eat or drink. They had been relieved of their watches and pens, etc. One of the Fathers still held on to a watch; after twenty-four hours without water he flashed the watch at one of the Japanese guards and called for water, which was given in a small quantity. The second day, another Father found he had a pen left; this too brought the desired results. The third day they were free to walk about the house. At present our Fathers, and we presume your Bishop and Father Norris, are interned at the Warden's Quarters of the Stanley Prison."

Another month passed before any further news reached Hunan. Then a letter was received from a Maryknoll Father who had made a daring escape from Hong Kong. This Missionary was separated from the main body of Maryknoll Fathers at Stanley. He was on the China mainland, at Kowloon, as Chaplain to the Maryknoll Sisters there. Father F...., understanding that if he told the Japanese he was an American he would be interned at once, replied to every question about his nationality by saying that his parents were Irish. This puzzled the Japanese so much that they decided that he must be a neutral. They gave him a pass to go about. On the strength of this pass Father F.... got passage on a boat to Macao. He then escaped to the Passionist Fathers in Hunan, saying in part:

Fachow, Kwangtung,  
March 11, 1942

Dear Fathers:

Just a few lines to tell you about what happened to your Bishop and Fathers Norris and Benson during the war in Hong Kong. They were staying at the Maryknoll House in Stanley at the outbreak of the war. The House was not hit by any shells or bombs during the war but it does

bear the marks of many machine-gun bullets. It was Christmas Day, or the day after, when the Japanese soldiers first made their way to the Maryknoll House. In the House they found several British officers and a few British soldiers who had been wounded. Part of the House had been commandeered by British for military use. The Japanese soldiers took the British officers outside the House and the next moment the Fathers could hear rifle shots; they presumed that the officers had been done away with. The British wounded soldiers who were in the House were also put out of the way. Then the Bishop and Fathers (some 30 in all) were tied in groups of six with their hands behind their backs, and marched down the hill to a Chinese garage, where they were locked up for two days and nights without food or water. . . . It was either Bishop O'Gara or Father Toomey, I'm not sure which, who gave his watch to the guard in return for a bottle of water, which was passed around so that everyone had a drink. After these two days' confinement, they were taken downtown to some hotel where they were quartered for a day or two; and then they were released and allowed to go back to the Maryknoll House.

Best wishes to all,  
Sincerely in Christ,  
M.A.F. . . . , M.M.

While the news from Hong Kong continued dismal, that from Peking suddenly became much better. A Peking postcard arrived in Yüanling written in Chinese characters, and addressed to Bishop O'Gara. On close examination this card turned out to be signed with Father Leo Berard's Chinese name: *Pai Lung-te*. Hidden in the meaning of the Chinese characters was the information that the six Passionist Fathers in Peking were well, and had not been interfered with by the Japanese. The postcard read:

Bishop Cuthbert O'Gara, C.P.

Respectfully prostrate before your Authority. I beg leave to make the following report. Many days have passed since I last sent greetings to you, but the thought of you has never left me. All affairs in Peking just at present are as they were formerly; there has not been the slightest change. The Fathers here are at their books as usual, and our food, clothing, and customary be-



havior has suffered no disturbance. I take opportunity to tell you this so that you will not be worried on our account. We rather keep your jade remembrance ever fresh in our minds, asking God that you may enjoy blessed peace and health. This is the burden of all our prayers.

Your unworthy servant,

*Pai Lung-te*

The good news contained in this postcard was later confirmed by a direct communication from the Apostolic Delegate in Peking. Archbishop Zanin assured the Passionist Fathers that their Missionaries in Peking were safe. And if final confirmation of this reassurance were needed, it was received later in another letter that managed to elude Japanese censorship. Father Leonard Amrhein, C.P., one of our student Missionaries in Peking, wrote that the only re-

striction imposed upon our Missionaries by the Japanese was that of not leaving Peking. This benign treatment is undoubtedly due to the influence of Archbishop Zanin, Apostolic Delegate. It has been learned that other Americans in Peking have been interned by the Japanese.

Here matters stood with no additional information being received in Hunan for two more months. During all this while, the Christians of the Missions prayed with the utmost earnestness to St. Gemma, asking as a special favor on her feast day, the fourteenth of May, for the release of their Bishop. St. Gemma heard their prayers. Somehow she set in motion in the State Departments and Chanceries of this world, that hidden mechanism of diplomacy needed to free Bishop O'Gara. For suddenly on July 17th of this year a telegram

was received in Hunan, from a tiny port far south on the coast of China. It announced the release of Bishop O'Gara. The telegram read:

Macheong, Kwangtung.  
Ubinger. Catholic. Yüanling.  
GREETINGS FATHERS SISTERS  
SEMINARIANS CHRISTIANS  
STOP RELEASED FROM STAN-  
LEY MAY TWENTY-SIXTH STOP  
LEFT HONG KONG JUNE  
TWENTY-SIXTH STOP EN-  
ROUTE KWEILIN WHITHER  
ARRIVE ABOUT TEN DAYS  
STOP ARTHUR RONALD RE-  
PATRIATED STOP ARTHUR RE-  
CUPERATING FROM SERIOUS  
ILLNESS

CUTHBERT O'GARA

There is joy in Hunan once more. Fathers Arthur Benson and Ronald Norris have been released from imprisonment and have returned to the United States. Bishop Cuthbert O'Gara is already in "Free China," making his way slowly from mission to mission on his return to his Vicariate of Yüanling, Hunan.

*Editor's Note:* The following cablegram supplied the final piece in the puzzle:

October 18th, Yüanling, China  
ARRIVED IN YUANLING  
CUTHBERT O'GARA

*Upper left: Rev. William Westhoven, C.P., former Religious Superior of the Passionist Missionaries in China*

*Upper center: Rev. Anthony Maloney, C.P., first Superior of the Passionist Language School, in Peking, China*

*Upper right: Rev. Bonaventure Griffiths, C.P., missionary to China; at present Director of Passionist Chinese mission activities in Boston, Massachusetts*

*Lower left: Rev. Timothy McDermott, C.P., pioneer Chinese missionary; now Superior of Passionist House of Studies, Catholic University, Washington, D. C.*

*Lower center: Rev. Arthur Benson, C.P., Procurator of Passionist Missions, Shanghai, China; returned on Gripsholm from internment in Hong Kong*

*Lower right: Rev. Ronald Norris, C.P., Director of Catholic Medical Service, Chungking, China, who was a prisoner of Japanese for six months in Hong Kong*



*All these missionaries are awaiting the opportunity to return to China*

# The Steps of Calvary

## THE CONDEMNATION

By BONAVENTURE GRIFFITHS, C.P.

THE mighty curtain of the dawn rose slowly over the city of Jerusalem. A restless murmur had ebbed and flowed all through the night, a gripping anticipation that had infiltrated into every nook and cranny to leave the city keyed in the tensest expectancy. Now with the coming of the day the simmering tumult had erupted, a strange madness had taken possession of the populace, and all Jerusalem fumed and frothed like an angry sea.

Jesus of Nazareth was on trial for His life. The Sanhedrim had already convicted Him of blasphemy. For that He should die. But Rome in her conquering way had reserved to herself the judgment of death. So now Christ had been taken before the august tribunal of Pilate. The crafty High Priests, the Scribes, and the Pharisees stood before the Governor as the official accusers. Below the dais surged the mob whose turbulent nature would break out into a mad chorus macabre, a symphonic cry for blood, as soon as the grim proceedings got under way.

Pilate was ill at ease. A Roman, he could never understand this strange breed which he ruled as Governor of Judea. His disciplined mind was not a slave to the vagaries of savage hate, bitter vindictiveness, and vituperative coarseness which spewed from their hearts. Those who broke the law paid quickly in the exacting mercilessness of an impersonal justice.

But Pilate was wise in the ways of men. It would take all his resourcefulness to handle the delicate situation confronting him. He knew that a brilliant cunning had created a monstrous emanation that rose like a pestilential vapor from the corroded souls around him

and which the well-tempered steel of Roman justice could never waylay precisely because cold fact can never pierce the vitals of uncaged and supercharged emotions. The age-old trick of deliberate agitation was working like a leaven before his eyes.

Pilate saw clearly and bitterly realized the trap that had been set. He knew the background of the Prisoner at the bar and he knew that this Man was no criminal. But he did know that this Nazarene had challenged the authority of the High Priests and the Sanhedrim. Their sacerdotal tyranny had been in danger of collapse through the new teaching of this prophet of Nazareth. So they had coolly planned to kill Him. Had not this Man claimed to be the Messiah? Then He was guilty of blasphemy. Had He not called Himself a King? Then He was guilty also of the crime of sedition.

It was clever and Pilate knew it. There was nothing in the laws of pagan Rome to condemn a man who preached a new religious doctrine to his compatriots. Yet if these accusers could cunningly prove to Caesar that Pilate had failed to punish a revolutionary who had stirred up the people against authority, then Pilate knew he was finished. But in the face of this if he should condemn a wholly innocent man then would not that be held against him and by some strange fate also destroy him? Pilate groaned and cursed the perpetrators of this devilish scheme.

A thundering, frenzied mob greeted Pilate as he appeared to open the trial. He could see that the poison of hate had done its work well. Contemptuously he glanced at them, thinking to himself how but a few days before these were the very people who had rushed out to welcome the Nazarene, to cast their garments at His feet, to cry tears of joy at His coming, yes, even to call Him their King and demand that He be their king. And now they lusted for His blood.

Ignoring the multitude, the Procurator turned to look at Christ. "What evil could this man have done," thought Pilate as he peered into the open beauty of that calm face. No sordid line crossed its placid surface but all the nobleness of truth and goodness were there to be found mirrored. Pilate grew unsettled. No one had ever appeared before him in such apparent unconcern. Usually an accused was a cringing, hapless creature begging for leniency and for mercy. Quickly he thumbed back through the pages of memory and reviewed what he had learned of this Man. He had come out of



Mario Barberis

Nazareth as a prophet claiming to be the Messiah, the very Son of Jehovah. He had startled and confounded men who refused to believe in Him by raising the dead to life, making the deaf to hear, the blind to see, and the lame to walk. He sat down with little children yet feared no one, not even the mighty. He had called the powerful Herod a "fox" and the Scribes and Pharisees, "a brood of vipers," "hypocrites," and "adulterers." Men had hung on His words and followed Him about like sheep and He had fed them in the wilderness in miraculous ways. Was this Man more than man? These musings irked Pilate and angered him. Why had these wretches brought this Man to him? The incomparable ease and bearing of the Nazarene was unnerving. In a voice trenchant with authority, Pilate demanded, "What evil has He done?"

NO REMARK WAS ever more ill-timed. A bellowing roar of derision smacked Pilate in the face. The last barrier of restraint had been swept away. The tide was loosed and the churning depths gave vent to the unmuted bedlam of insane rage. "Crucify Him," bellowed the mob, voices raucous with hate and as wild as the storm-charged wind. Wave after wave of sound welled up. "Crucify Him!" came the shattering echoes from the battlements. The tall and radiant form of the Nazarene remained unmoved. Annas and Caiphas smirked with delight. Their plans were working to perfection.

Annas blandly but shrewdly reminded the Procurator that Caesar would not be pleased to learn that the good governor had hesitated to condemn one charged with treason by the people at large. Pilate threw him a look of scorn but there was uneasiness in his heart. Impatiently, he gestured for the indictment to be read. It was a document drawn up with all the resourcefulness of a lawyer lost to every scruple, and when it was finished Pilate lifted an anxious, scrutinizing glance to the silent Figure before him. He had not been listening, it seemed. With regal grace He was looking off across the city of Jerusalem. Curtly Pilate demanded of Him, "Hast Thou no answer to make? Behold how many things they accuse Thee of." But no answer came from those finely shaped lips whose haunting melody had so

often drawn men after Him. The eloquence of that silence beat in on Pilate's soul and frightened him. The haughty Scribes fell back before its compelling force. Even the milling crowd felt the impact of that majestic silence. Out of the deadly calm came the insinuating voice of the High Priest in the ear of Pilate.

"Noble Procurator, hast thou forgotten that this Man calls Himself a King? We know we have no king but Caesar yet this Man would usurp Caesar's throne." Sick at heart, Pilate moistened his parched lips and flung the question. "Art thou a King?" There was infinite patience in the luminous eyes of the prophet as He quietly answered, "Dost thou say this of thyself or have others told thee of me?" Pilate flushed. The calm way the question had been turned on him piqued him. "Thy own people and the chief priests have delivered thee to me. What hast thou done?" retorted Pilate. Again that vibrant melodious voice gave answer. "My kingdom is not of this world."

Now He would be swiftly condemned. "Then thou art a King?" said Pilate, hopefully. Christ saw the baseness of the hearts of His enemies and how they would capitalize on His words. Pilate, however, was His judge and on him He bent the fullness of His radiant personality. "I am—a King! This is why I was born and why I have come into the world." There was a long pause. Pilate sat dumb and irresolute. And from that moment sought to release Him.

Pilate had taken counsel with himself. What should he do in the face of this determined demand for the blood of the Nazarene? Perhaps if he punished Him, had Him bruised and beaten before the multitude, then their fury might be sated sufficiently. Yes, he would try try it. "Pilate, then, took Jesus and had him scourged. And the soldiers, plaiting a crown of thorns, put it upon his head, and arrayed Him in a purple cloak." (John 19, 1-2) Even Pilate looked with dismay at what his soldiers had done. This Nazarene was now a sorry sight. That countenance had been shorn of its beauty. It was bruised and blackened, cut and torn. A cap of lancet-tipped thorns had been pressed down into the tender head. The cloak thrown around Him could not hide the torn and bleeding torso, the gaping lacerations, the quivering waves of agony that surged through

the flesh of the flayed shoulders.

Pilate turned to the multitude and said to them, "Behold the Man!" But even the hardened Procurator was not prepared for the terrible reaction to his words. There was no mercy, no pity in the clamorous demand, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" Pilate thought quickly. Make the situation ludicrous and turn this mob from hate to derision. Then pointing to the pitiable figure he cried out in a scornful tone, "Behold your King!" Pilate had failed. He realized that he had failed when maledictions were heaped on his own head, when the mob threw back at him warning howls of vengeance. "If you release this man you are no friend of Caesar; for everyone who makes himself king sets himself against Caesar. We have no king but Caesar. Crucify Him!" Jaded and worn out, Pilate could fight no longer. He could not risk an uprising. What excuse would he offer Caesar in the face of the arguments that could be brought against him? One man's life, what was that? And why should he a Roman governor jeopardize his own position for the sake of a lone Nazarene. If His own nation wanted to be rid of Him it was better for the peace of the land for the popular will to run its course. Anyhow, the man was foolish enough to insist on His claim to be their King. Thereby had He not condemned Himself? Let Him pay the penalty then. Wearily, Pilate gestured for silence. "Then he handed Him over to them to be crucified. And so they took Jesus and led Him away." (John 19, 16)

THUS WAS Christ condemned. Condemned because pride, jealousy, and hate could not brook His humility, His great heartedness, and His love. Condemned because those in high places had made themselves gods and feared His right to be called and to be the Messiah, the Son of God. Condemned because truth in its dignity refused to compromise with base hypocrisy. Condemned because He gave freedom to those who groveled under a spiritual tyranny. Condemned because justice in the person of a moral coward feared to release Him in the face of a public opinion crazed with hate. Condemned, too, because He was the Redeemer of the world, who would die that men might live and be worthy of being called the children of God.





The performances of James Cagney and Joan Leslie help to make "Yankee Doodle Dandy" the year's best movie

### Picture of the Year

The dynamic, dramatic action performed on the world stage during 1942 makes the task of selecting the outstanding motion picture of the year doubly difficult. Sagas of heroism relayed from the front lines of land, sea, and sky make even the most thrilling celluloid entertainment seem pallid, puny counterfeits.

The task facing the motion picture industry at the present time is not an easy one. It must make a concerted effort to provide a nation at war with wholesome relaxation, inspiration, and information. Strides have been made in this direction, but the effort is incomplete.

Evidence that the screen can do a magnificent job when it really tries can be found in many of the top-flight productions of the year just past. The somber, topical effectiveness of *Mrs. Miniver* . . . the stark realism of *Wake Island* . . . the musical treats provided by *For Me and My Gal* and *Holiday Inn* . . . and the general excellence of such varied films as *The Pied Piper*, *Bambi*, *Kings Row*, *This Gun for Hire*, and *Reap the Wild Wind*.

After carefully considering the merits of the above releases we still feel that the outstanding motion picture of the year is **YANKEE DOODLE DANDY**, the Warner Brothers' picturization of the life story of George M. Cohan. More than any other recent film, this musical drama provides the type of clean, inspiring "escapism" the nation requires to counteract the unnerving news of the day.

A deserved tribute to the greatest personality and most versatile showman the American theater has yet

# Stage and Screen

By JERRY COTTER



America's beloved entertainer enjoyed quiet in later years, as this scene from "Yankee Doodle Dandy" shows

produced, it is based in part on the musical biography of Cohan first presented by the Drama Department of the Catholic University. Careful studio attention to casting, story development, and direction results in a deft blend of comedy, music, and drama that is top-notch film entertainment for every member of the family.

James Cagney, genuinely surprising as the sprightly song-and-dance man, carries the burden of the story with the expert assistance of Joan Leslie, Walter Huston, Rosemary DeCamp, Jeanne Cagney, Richard Whorf, and Irene Manning.

*Yankee Doodle Dandy* is the best advertisement of its

own capabilities that Hollywood has turned out in some time; because it is also fine entertainment for every age group, it is **THE SIGN** selection as the outstanding motion picture of 1942.

### The New Movies

Steadily increasing tempo climaxed by a smashing, whirlwind finish makes **SILVER QUEEN** a recommended adult action drama. Set in the sprawling, lusty adolescence of the West when gold mines, gambling, and gunplay were the order of each day, it builds



Bruce Cabot and Priscilla Lane appear in "Silver Queen," action-filled tale of the old West

audience interest throughout the unreeling under the expert directorial touch of Lloyd Bacon with fine characterizations by Priscilla Lane, George Brent, Bruce Cabot, and Eugene Pallette. For adults who prefer their entertainment with a minimum of subtlety and understatement. (United Artists)

The British Ministry of Information honors the war contribution of England's 3,000,000 Catholics in an inspiring and engrossing documentary, **THE SWORD OF THE SPIRIT**, released in this country by Alliance Films. The film's title has been taken from the spiritual movement inaugurated by Cardinal Hinsley, who voices the Church's unalterable opposition to all forms of totalitarianism. Actual stories of heroism by the clergy and laity, views of many famous cathedrals and monasteries ruined by bombs, and on-the-scene shots of priests and nuns actively engaged in rescue work round out an all-too-brief, twenty-minute session. A splendid addition to the record of the vast Catholic participation in this global war.

China's valiant struggle against the little men of Nippon has received far less than its just amount of world recognition and assistance. In **LADY FROM CHUNGKING** Hollywood makes a half-hearted attempt at rectification with an interesting, original narrative based on the resistance of Chinese guerrilla bands. Anna May Wong is convincing as a lady of noble birth who masquerades as a coolie by day and leader of the guerrillas after dark. Produced on a limited budget, this adult drama is a step in the direction of

that tribute to China which Hollywood must yet produce. (Producers Releasing Corp.)

The defeat and subjugation of France by the Nazis will probably provide material for the scenarists for many years to come. We can only fervently hope that most of their efforts will be of a higher caliber than the slow-moving, uneven theatrics of **REUNION**, in which Joan Crawford, John Wayne, and Philip Dorn flounder hopelessly amid the intrigues and Hitler legions of occupied Paris. Despite the topical nature of the story and the valiant work of the players involved, the film fails completely either to convince or amuse even the most indiscriminating audience. (MGM)

Juvenile hijinks combined effectively with expensive musical sequences makes **JOHNNY DOUGHBOY** enjoyable family fare. Jane Withers proves herself completely capable of bridging the dangerous adolescent years in a double role which gives her ample opportunity to exhibit her versatility. Plot values are conspicuously absent in this lightly spun yarn of young movie players, but the amusement quotient is high, particularly for those who seek an hour or so of brain-saving relaxation. (Republic)

**PALM BEACH STORY** offers Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea, and Rudy Vallee the chance to cavort in true movie slapstick fashion. That is the only worthwhile feature of a comedy dependent on suggestiveness and objectionable humor in lieu of any really clever lines or situations. Productions of this nature can easily be dispensed with for the duration and then some. The entertainment value is nil. (Paramount)



Beating the Japs is the one thing Brian Donlevy and Robert Taylor agree on in "Stand By For Action"

Loretta Young and Brian Aherne carry the burden of **A NIGHT TO REMEMBER**, an amusing adult mystery-comedy that just misses fire. A married couple rent a Greenwich Village apartment and are soon involved in a murder with some eerie complications before the final reel. A lightweight production, it will appeal to those who enjoy their movies halfway between a laugh and a chill. Miss Young, who is one of the most effective screen players, is given little opportunity to be more than decorative. (Columbia)

Before the AEF arrived in North Africa, Casablanca was a town of superficial gaiety with a heavy population of wealthy refugees waiting for visas to Lisbon and the United States. In *CASABLANCA* adults will find an absorbing blend of adventure, propaganda, and romance with an American café-keeper as the principal figure. Much of the plot is familiar but first-rate script treatment and direction make it seem refreshingly original. Humphrey Bogart plays in his customary taut manner and is abetted by the excellent make-believe of Ingrid Bergman, Conrad Veidt, Paul Henreid, and Claude Rains. (Warner Brothers)

Indirectly, *PITTSBURGH* is an appeal to war workers to maintain and increase the level of production, stressing particularly the importance of the coal industry to the national effort. Blended with this preachment is a fast-moving actionful tale of the growth of the Pittsburgh sector. A triangular romance with Randolph Scott, John Wayne, and Marlene Dietrich vies with the industrial giant for the spotlight, in this adult story of the rise of two coal miners to success and wealth. (Universal)

*STAND BY FOR ACTION* is a story of the convoys and the men who sail them, produced in co-operation with the U. S. Navy. An impressive and timely study, it is principally concerned with the grand scale action between various sea units, but ample opportunity is allowed for the plot to develop with many moments of humor, pathos, and sound drama. The cast includes Robert Taylor, Charles Laughton, Brian Donlevy, and Walter Brennan, each name a guarantee of intelligent performance. First-rate melodrama and a thought-provoking reminder of some unsung heroes of this war. (MGM)

Andy Hardy, getting perilously close to draft age, is also within hailing distance of becoming a colossal bore. Only the originality exhibited by writers and director in the latest serial play built around his shenanigans, makes *ANDY HARDY'S DOUBLE LIFE* at all palatable. As it is, Andy's heart difficulties, the romantic rather than the medical variety, become less interesting with each new repetition, and the actions of this juvenile LaGuardia as unbelievable as those of his older political counterpart. Lewis Stone and the other capable players in the cast are completely submerged by the bumptious young Mickey Rooney of the elastic countenance. Followers of the Hardy series will skim lightly over the more annoying passages and probably enjoy it immensely. (MGM)

### George M. Cohan

Coming at a time when his influence in the theater was most sorely needed, the passing of George M. Cohan was a tragedy both to those who knew him and the millions who have sung his songs and enjoyed the clean, wholesome entertainment he provided.

He was without equal in the theater . . . as a song-smith, musical comedy star, dramatic actor, and playwright. The sureness of his touch, the infectious light-heartedness of his performance and above all, the inherent decency of every play and song he produced were

the qualities which made him great. The extent of his charities to his fellow actors will probably never be known, but the record he has left behind will not be forgotten for many years.

In private life as well as on stage he was a figure to admire, a man who despised and fought every vestige of indecency whenever and wherever it appeared. In his last great hit he sang . . . "I'd rather be right than presidential" . . . George Michael Cohan was right, very right, in his lifelong struggle to bring and preserve standards of the highest order to the American theater.

### The Theater in Review

At the mid-season mark the theater is enjoying a lusty financial success, with name players and dramatists billed under practically every dimmed-out marquee. A goodly portion of the plays offered for public consumption are heavily tinged with escapism. Audiences searching for serious messages have had to ferret them out from under the gaudy trappings of musical carnivals, outlandish fantasy, and cloudy symbolism. New plays



*A witty Irishman wins the heart of a young widow in "Without Love," starring Elliott Nugent and Katharine Hepburn*

from the pens of such distinguished writers as Philip Barry, Maxwell Anderson, Thornton Wilder, and S. N. Behrman have been disappointing when compared to their previous successes. However, the public is entertainment-minded, as the lines outside every box office attest, and less inclined to be captious than in the days when dollars were scarce and dramatists striving.

*WITHOUT LOVE* was tailored for Katharine Hepburn by our ace light comedy writer, Philip Barry. A deft and able workman in his particular metier, he has included flashes of that sparkling, brittle humor that made him famous, and it is in those light, gay moments that he is most successful. When he attempts to insert a note of serious implication in his comedy of romance the entire effort falls flat. A marriage of convenience



between a young Washington widow and an Irish bachelor who has inherited the Gael's gift of wit and conversation and a predilection for improving Anglo-Irish relations. Of course their platonic relationship is discarded before the finale, but not until Barry has had his fling at profundity. If *Without Love* proves anything, it is that Katharine Hepburn remains an exceptionally fine actress despite an affected, tiresome, erratic stage manner, and also that Playwright Barry should avoid the urge to be serious as assiduously as he would an unexploded bomb. Both can do his career irreparable harm. Portions of the play are objectionable, but not sufficiently off-key to rule the entire production out as adult entertainment. Discriminating play-goers will find it a pleasantly amusing comedy, if not the astounding hit the advance sale would seem to indicate.

Symbolism run riot characterizes Thornton Wilder's latest opus, *THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH*. Borrowing the zany blueprints of *Hellzapoppin* and *Sons O' Fun*, the author of that fine experimental play, *Our Town*, is not completely successful in his message of hope for the human race.

Wilder's contention that despite pestilence, war, double features, the ice age, and the depression, man goes on, surviving each new calamity by the skin of his teeth, would have been bolstered considerably by a simple profession of faith.

Technically the production is unusual enough to attract attention on that score alone. The accepted forms of dramatic expression have been tossed to the winds with the stars stepping out of character to assure the audience on various points, ask for their co-operation in breaking up the theater's seats, and finally telling the audience that it's time to go home. As fantastic in its conception and presentation as a Wellsian dream (either Orson or H. G. will do), this play combines rebukes to our contemporary prophets of doom with moments of eloquence, wisdom, and symbolism.

Most of the credit for the play's current popularity should go to husky-voiced Tallulah Bankhead, whose vivacious performance sets the pace for the production. Frederic March, Florence Eldridge, Florence Reed, and Montgomery Clift are all splendid, but of necessity forced to bask in the reflected Bankhead glory.

*The Skin of Our Teeth* is designed to attract attention as a theatrical novelty. As such it is amusing, but as a philosophical thesis it falls short of a passing mark.

The Lunts have joined the current theatrical parade with a carnival of riotous color as background for a weak attempt to be satirical and sophisticated about marital relations. *THE PIRATE*, written by S. N. Behrman, is set in a small village in the West Indies in the early 1800's. Penned in the sly-wink manner, borderline humor is more often the rule rather than the exception in its three, slow-moving, garrulous acts. While all will acknowledge it to be the most lavish display of the season, admirers of the Lunt-Fontanne acting combination will wish they had seen fit to use their talents to better advantage.

Music lovers, rather than devotees of the drama, will most fully appreciate the operetta, *ROSALINDA*, the title of the latest revival of Johann Strauss' *Die Fleder-*

*maus*. Vienna first heard the Strauss score back in 1874 and now, nearly seventy years later, it is as fresh and vibrant as on the original opening night. The book in this current Americanized version, however, is something else again. A group of unknown singers do their best to breathe life into the archaic dramatic situations; they do not succeed as actors, but their singing of the Strauss music more than atones. *Rosalinda* is a musical, though not a dramatic, hit.

The writing team of Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett has turned out an amusing dramatization of E. P. O'Donnell's novel of the Cajun country, *THE GREAT BIG DOORSTEP*. A family living on the banks of the Mississippi salvages an ornate and imposing doorstep from the flood waters. Placing it before their shanty, they realize that it will be necessary to get a new house to live up to the impressive doorstep. From that point on they are entangled in one difficulty after another. The Crochets, descendants of the Acadian settlers, are an engaging and preposterous group held together by the hard-working, devout mother. Dorothy Gish portrays this role in brilliant fashion exhibiting a fine sense of character interpretation. Louis Calhern is an excellent foil as the lazy husband and father, "Commodore" Crochet, who was fired for falling asleep at the wheel of his river ferry. They are the mainstays of this thoroughly enjoyable folk comedy which will find favor with most adult audiences.

The belated closing of some of the most objectionable plays on the New York stage brought forth the expected protests from our self-styled "liberals." Their cries of "reformer," "bluenose," "censorship" and all the other hackneyed phrases served merely to becloud the true issue at stake. The fact is that the saturation point was reached some time ago in the presentation of obscenity in the guise of entertainment.

Attempts at fumigation will always arouse protests from those who have profited financially by catering to the lowest instincts. Freedom of expression is not involved. It is simply and solely an attempt to eliminate a moral cancer from the national scene. The strangest part of it all is that those who protest most vehemently at any form of political turpitude accept and even applaud this form of moral decay which is by far the more insidious and destructive.

The following combined list of plays now on Broadway and those on tour through the principal cities is designed to answer the many letters we have received on the subject of suitable plays.

**FOR THE FAMILY:** *Janie, Junior Miss, Stars on Ice.*

**FIRST CHOICE FOR ADULTS:** *Spring Again, Arsenic and Old Lace, Life with Father, The Corn is Green, Rosalinda, This is the Army, The Merry Widow.*

**SECOND CHOICE:** musicals—*Let's Face It, Beat the Band, Show Time, Porgy and Bess, Lady in the Dark, Sons O' Fun, Hellzapoppin*; comedies, *Claudia, Blithe Spirit, Without Love, The Skin of Our Teeth, The Damask Cheek, My Sister Eileen*; dramas, *The Eve of St. Mark, Angel Street, Uncle Harry, Watch on the Rhine, Counsellor at Law.*

**NOT RECOMMENDED:** *By Jupiter, Star and Garter, Strip for Action, Native Son, Priorities of 1942, Tobacco Road, Sailor Beware, Goodnight Ladies.*

# Company Man

by Florence R. Christian

**M**AIN STREET in the mining town of Platte was also a national highway and that, plus local cars and neon lights, gave the town some visible claim on the modern era. Otherwise it might have mushroomed from the gay nineties or the gold-rush days.

A new sign on Main Street announced "Gil Riley, Attorney," and within the small office Mr. Riley propped his feet on his desk, his eyes watchful in a lean, rather intense face. Riley's hair was Irish black, his skin sunbrowned and his eyes as blue as twin Havasupai lakes.

Mr. Riley gasped as a whizzing car almost hit a Platte burro on its way across the national highway, then settled back in his chair. He straightened



again, swung his feet down and grabbed his hat. There was the pretty youngster from the Mining Company's office—the girl he had to meet and shake down for the information he needed.

In the street he bumped purposely into a red-haired girl with the small-boned features and gangly appearance of a child until he looked into her dark eyes. One look into her eyes and Gil Riley thought he'd like to take this girl to dinner, lots of dinners. She had a wistful look that hurt him.

"Oh I say, I'm terribly sorry," he apologized. "I didn't see you."

She struggled between annoyance and a spontaneous good humor. The latter won and she smiled at Gil in a crinkly, contagious way.

"I'm Gil Riley, the new lawyer," he grinned back, and then he waited expectantly.

The girl's face grew serious and the break in the conversation reached the awkward point before she answered hesitantly. "I'm—Dana Mary Owen."

In the days that followed the going was easier. Gil made a little progress, and getting better acquainted with Dana Owen was the nicest work he'd ever done. Besides, the setup was a natural. Any new young man in a town like Platte was likely to become interested in a girl like Dana without causing undue speculation.

He saw her coming from her office and crossed to meet Dana immediately. This was their first date—a dinner date, and they went to Esperanza's for tacos, chili relleno, and assorted Mexican delicacies.

"There's really a good show to-night," Gil stated when they were having dessert. "I do wish you'd let me take you."

Dana folded her slim hands on the red-checked cloth. "I've an invalid brother, and the practical nurse who cares for him will be waiting for me to return."

"I'm sorry," Gil said. "I didn't know, of course. What seems to be your brother's trouble?"

His tone was so sincere that Dana's lower lip started to tremble. She made an effort, but couldn't hold back the tears. Gil didn't know

what to do. He patted her shoulder helplessly, while Esperanza hovered about fat and worried, her big black eyes on Gil in a storm of accusation.

The freshet stopped suddenly and Dana dried her eyes. "I'm sorry," she apologized.

"Nonsense," Gil protested. "Probably did you a world of good. Now tell me about your brother—about all your folks."

"There's only Pat," she said. "He used to work for the mine, but he—has lung trouble now."

**THEY wanted to fall in love, but love must be built on faith and trust, and Dana and Gil suspected each other's motives**

Gil Riley leaned forward alertly. "They call it 'miner's con' when it's contracted in a mine, don't they?" he urged. "I suppose he's drawing compensation."

Perhaps he was overzealous, because Dana's eyes grew wary and then bright with anger. "You're a Company lawyer!" she accused fiercely. "Well let me tell you this! Pat has never said a word against the Company. Neither have I! He admitted he'd had pneumonia before we came west, and when Dr. Kelsey said his trouble was of long duration he didn't contest the statement."

"Now see here," Gil remonstrated. "I don't give two hoots for Dr. Kelsey. I just want to be your friend, and Pat's, if he'll let me."

Dana was still suspicious so Gil changed the subject slightly, without letting it drop completely. "You didn't tell me how you happened to come to Platte," he said. "That's a safe subject, isn't it?"

She studied him seriously. "I can't tell a safe subject from dynamite

when I'm talking to a lawyer, but I'll take a chance. We came from Chicago after Pat had pneumonia. He kept having colds so the doctor said he'd better come west awhile. All our money was stolen in Platte, so we stayed here."

"But Pat didn't have lung trouble then," Gil stated carefully.

He wasn't careful enough. "We didn't know he had it then," Dana corrected, and her dark eyes warned. "Let it drop there, Mister, let it drop!"

Gil couldn't. He was too close to information he needed. "Pat's doctor in Chicago would have X rays and charts which would prove how long he was sick," he insisted.

Dana's voice was soft and very cautious. "The doctor is dead, and his records were burned in a fire which destroyed his office. We're not trying to prove anything, Mr. Riley. The Company's been very considerate. As soon as Pat's health broke they offered me work in the office. I've been working for them steadily since."

A group of people came into Esperanza's and Gil studied them curiously. In New York or Washington he wouldn't have bothered, but in Platte practically the whole civilian population worked for the Company and a person wanted to know who was near enough to overhear his conversation.

One man in the group paused, looked from Dana to Gil, and let his glance linger on Gil. For a moment Gil thought the chap was coming over to their table, but he merely acknowledged Dana's "good evening" and passed on.

Shortly after, Dana glanced at her watch. "I must hurry," she said. "I'm overque now." Outside she inclined her head toward the restaurant. "The man who came in was Carl Bixler, our Safety Engineer, who makes continual tests in the tunnels."

"You work for him?" Gil asked. "Occasionally I fill out his reports," she answered.

Pat Owen was resting when they came in. On his bedside table were several books about how shut-ins can make money in their spare time. His thin face lighted with interest when Dana introduced Gil Riley, and darkened with distrust shortly after. "So you aren't working for the

*"I'm sorry," Gil said. "I didn't know. What seems to be your brother's trouble?" His tone was so sincere that Dana's lower lip started to tremble*



Mining Company?" Pat Owen questioned.

"No, I'm on my own."

"Not much business in Platte," Pat stated.

Gil had an answer for that. "I was fairly busy yesterday. Had a couple of hit-and-run cases to iron out."

Pat Owen lifted a red brow, but let the subject drop. However, Gil wasn't fooled. The Owens devoted a measuring attention to everything he said. Obviously a man who didn't work openly for the Platte Mining Company was a subject for speculation and suspicion. The only friendship which would fall to him would be meted out carefully, which wouldn't make Gil's work any easier.

When he rose to leave Dana said, "Do come to see us again, Mr. Riley," and Pat added, "Yes, come back, fellow. I'll take you on for a game of chess sometime."

Gil Riley did come back as often as he could get an invitation, and he wasn't surprised when Carl Bixler, the Safety Engineer for the Company, called at his office. It was a social call, a not too unusual call in a town like Platte. "I've been intending to drop in for some time," Bixler said, "I've been wanting to meet you."

The man was forty-five years old, perhaps, fair, inclined toward rudeness, but not unattractive. They spent a quarter of an hour smoking and talking Platte history before the reason for Bixler's visit became apparent.

"We'll give you a good job, Riley," he said condescendingly, "better than anything you could hope to get elsewhere."

He looked surprised and considerably less affable when he heard Gil's rejection. "Just what is your angle, Riley?" he asked bluntly.

Gil laughed. "No angle, Mr. Bixler. I just like being my own boss and going my own way."

The broad, too thick features of Carl Bixler hardened, but his mouth kept smiling. He didn't say that a man who "went his own way" had better be careful, and he didn't need to say it in so many words. It was in the way he swung to his feet and in the way his eyes raked Gil's on leaving.

In the weeks that followed, Gil had little to do professionally, but



*Dana glanced over her shoulder at him and smiled*

socially he kept pleasantly occupied playing cards with Pat and taking Dana to shows and dances. There was no change in his status until one June evening when the moon was in its first quarter.

He was sitting with Dana on the wooden bench beneath the umbrella tree watching a tiny sliver of silver go down in an applegreen sky. As the last flake of light disappeared, Dana glanced over her shoulder at him and smiled. "Beautiful, isn't it?" she said.

He caught his breath suddenly. "Beautiful—yes," and he didn't mean the green sky, nor the lone star which glimmered above a jagged crest of mountain. He meant Dana, whose face had become familiar and beloved. When he went from this valley, if he went, Dana Owen must go with him, or unhappiness would.

On his way home, the purpose of his mission in Platte came back to him forcefully. He was here to get information. He had deliberately become acquainted with Dana to learn what he wanted to know, and now—he was back where he'd started. He couldn't trick and betray her to shape his or any other destiny, because whatever else was wrong in Platte, he knew that Dana was not implicated. She was sweet and won-

derful. She was a dream made real.

He could only wait patiently for the break that was painfully slow in coming, so slow that Gil Riley sat restlessly day after day in his maddening office, twiddling his thumbs and making shiny the seat of his trousers.

When the door finally swung open on the long awaited break, it did so undramatically in the middle of a hot afternoon. Two large men, one American, the other Mexican, came into the office supporting between them a chap who could not stand alone. They helped him carefully into a chair and Gil noted he was wearing a brace and seemed to be in some pain.

"You the lawyer?" The American asked. "We've brought Demetrio Diaz here to tell you something. It won't do no good, but he wanted to come. Shoot, Demetrio."

"I be crush lots of months ago in the mine," Diaz recited. "The power drill she push me in front, a rock behind and I break in the back, so there is no work and no money, no nothing."

"The Company should pay you when you're hurt on the job," Gil stated.

Demetrio Diaz' black eyes flashed scorn over such bottomless inno-

cence. "The Company she cheat Demetrio. She doublecross. The Company, bahl *Ladrones, asesinatos, embusteros!*"

"Which means," Gil prompted the American.

"Robbers, assassins, and liars!" the man obliged with fitting venom.

"Keep talking," Gil prompted. "I want the whole story."

"Señor Bixler bring me a paper in the hospital for to sign," Diaz continued, "and I gone all the way to eighth grade so I can read this paper which is okay. Only at the finish it say that I, Demetrio, confess I am careless and I do not deserve moneys from the Company for my hurt, see? I am all to blame and the Company she not have to pay nothings."

"You signed that paper?" Gil asked.

"No!" Diaz cried fiercely. "No, I don't sign. I fight with Señor Bixler. I tell him of this great untruth and so he laugh and pat my back and call me the good boy. He say he fix. He come with new paper which do not have this lie, and so I sign."

"But he still sign the wrong paper," the other Mexican cut in.

"No I don't!" Diaz contested hotly. "I sign the right paper, but she wrong now. I am made to blame, the Company do not have to pay me any moneys, and the wife she cannot make enough for the chil'ren, the doctor, and the medicine. I am total despair."

"Have you any way of proving the paper you signed isn't the one the Company says you signed?" Gil asked.

"I just know," Diaz answered. "I look very careful. I do not trust this Señor Bixler so I look three times before I sign, and Pablo Romero he look too."

"Who is Pablo Romero?" Gil questioned.

The other Mexican stepped forward. "I'm Romero."

"Would you be willing to testify for Mr. Diaz in court?" Gil asked.

"I already have and the Company lawyer say I make perjury, and now I do not have work also."

"I see," Gil said, and he did see very clearly. Something was rotten, and it looked like the rottenness might extend from the mine timberings up to the office personnel. Gil Riley felt a headache coming on. The girl he loved was part of that

personnel, but she wouldn't know about things like this—or would she? She couldn't stand by and see a man cheated of his rightful compensation. She wasn't that kind—still, there was Pat. He thought about other angles then, nullifying angles. Dana was Pat's sole support. It was taking every cent she could make to keep them in food, clothing, and shelter. There was no money left with which she might buy escape for herself and Pat. She had to remain in Platte, and she had to work, for the Company. Whatever the Company did to her or Pat, or any other employee would have to be satisfactory to her.

Gil Riley had his case, but nothing to go on but the word of two Mexican miners and one American, who were quite willing to pit their slender strength against the corrupt setup that dictated terms in Platte.

didn't see much of the Owens. He told Dana about a case he was handling and that he would be working nights rather steadily for a time. He did not tell her what case he had, and she didn't ask.

The form absolving the Platte Mining Company was all the evidence either side had, but Gil Riley demanded and received permission to have it checked by a competent authority. The report which came back gave Gil's client his first ray of hope and Gil a sick headache. The questionable clause had not been on the form originally. Those last few lines were slightly out of alignment—so slightly that the naked eye could not detect the difference, and Gil, reading the report over could hear Dana's voice. "Occasionally I fill out his (Carl Bixler's) reports." Suppose she had filled out this one? Didn't that make her an

## CAROL FOR EPIPHANY

*By Sister Maris Stella*

The wise kings knelt at Jesus' feet:  
He was so small. He was so sweet,  
sleeping upon His mother's breast  
like a new fledgling in its nest.  
Their gifts His small hands could not hold—  
the myrrh, the frankincense, the gold.  
He was too young to speak with them  
who sought His face in Bethlehem,  
yet in their own deep hearts they heard  
the accents of the mighty Word  
of God being spoken for us all:  
an infant in a cattle stall.  
O dayspring, brighter than the Sun!  
O lovely, lowly, little One!

"Demetrio isn't so good with the English," the American offered, "but he's plenty smart upstairs."

"What's your name?" Gil asked.

"I'm John Pickens, and I know Diaz wasn't to blame. I saw the accident. Demetrio thinks Bixler brought him a paper which omitted the clause absolving the Company from blame, had him sign it, then took the form back to the office and typed in the objectionable clause over his signature."

Gil Riley took all that into consideration and he didn't waste any time setting the wheels of the law in motion. During that period he

accessory? Didn't that make her just as guilty as Bixler?

In court, the attorney for the mining company acknowledged the addition of the clause with a blandness and affability that was disconcerting. "All forms," he explained easily, "are typed without the release clause. In the case of Mr. Diaz, it had to be added to protect the Company's interests, but it was added before Mr. Diaz signed the paper."

Diaz rose from his chair in a fury, but Gil motioned him down. He asked for a recess until the following day, but was promptly refused. They gave him until afternoon, and

he saw Bixler and the Company lawyer watching him smugly.

Gil went to his law office alone and sat there thinking about a girl with luminous brown eyes and red hair, and he was very heartsick. There were only two loopholes, and he was afraid that neither of them might give her a way out. Dana wasn't the only girl who worked for the Company. There were two others in the office who might have added the clause. They were the loopholes.

There was only one course of action he could take. All three girls would have to appear in court. He didn't want to call Dana, but he had no choice, and the most he could do to make it easier for her was to let Pat know. Maybe Pat could help her somehow.

**B**ACK in court, Lucy Cates and Janice Goodson, the other Company stenographers, were put on the stand first. Both of them denied emphatically having typed the Diaz form. There was only Dana left.

White-lipped and nervous she took her place, her stricken eyes making Gil feel like a hawk looks when it is getting ready to pounce on a very frightened baby chick. "Did you type the form which Mr. Diaz signed, Miss Owen?" Gil questioned formally.

The door to the courtroom opened and Dana's glance followed the motion of the door. Pat Owen balanced himself precariously and then found his way slowly down the aisle to a vacant seat.

"Did you type the form Mr. Diaz signed, Miss Owen," Gil repeated. "I mean as it was originally?"

"Yes," she said briefly.

"Did you add a clause over Mr. Diaz' signature?"

Dana looked beseechingly from Gil to Pat, then back again. "I," she said hesitantly, "—I—didn't add—to the form, Mr. Riley, but—" She hesitated again and Gil could see how badly she was shaken.

Pat Owen's deep voice boomed through the room without benefit of court procedure. It boomed above the pounding of the judge's gavel and the protesting voice of the company attorney. "If that's the truth, Dana, be sure it conceals nothing. I'd rather starve and so would you than live on the fruit of lies."

A man was already marching Pat

Owen from the courtroom, but he had breath for one more comment before he could be ejected. "The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, Dana, so help you God!"

The judge threatened to clear the court, and Dana Owen stood straight and silent during his tirade, her brown eyes flashing, her hands clenched. A deep hush filled the room and everyone waited. "The paper Demetrio Diaz signed," Dana stated clearly, "contained no release clause when he signed it."

"Then you did add the clause," Gil prompted miserably.

She shook her bright head. "I did not, but it was typed on my machine. Mr. Bixler typed it. I found his half-burned cigar under my desk the following morning, and there was a slight burn where he'd set it on the edge of the desk. Mr. Bixler is the only man in the office who smokes a cigar."

The burned cigar and Dana's word were not sufficient to convict Carl Bixler, but there were other papers he'd typed to compare with the typing on the Diaz Form, and it was his touch on the key that proved that his was the guilty hand.

Pat, Dana, and Gil sat together again a bit stiffly in the Owen home for the first time in weeks. "You didn't know what Bixler was up to?" Gil half-asked, half-stated.

Dana shook her head. "I wasn't sure. He saw to it that no one ever had proof. He did his own fixing. He didn't trust anyone."

"Little wonder," Gil stated.

"You thought I was as guilty as Bixler," Dana said, hurt in her voice.

Gil made no denial. "I didn't want to, so I held you innocent until proved guilty."

"That's a lawyer for you," Pat cut in. "He goes on evidence."

Dana sighed and her brown eyes were bleak. "I go on evidence too, so tomorrow I look for work and there are no jobs in Platte for people who cross swords with the company." She shrugged her slender shoulders and addressed herself directly to Gil. "Now that we're telling all, I was suspicious of you too. I thought you were a 'Company Man.' I thought you were trying to prove that Pat and I were talking against the Company because of his lack of compensation."

"And you knew that if I succeeded,

you'd get fired," Gil finished.

She nodded.

"Why weren't you afraid of being fired today?" he asked.

"I was afraid," she answered, "but—I had to tell the truth then or later, and I'm glad I did what I did. I'm glad it's over. I'm glad you're not a 'Company Man.'"

Gil took Dana's hands in his. "But I am a 'Company Man,' Dana! You are going to lose your job, but Demetrio Diaz will get compensation, and Pickens and Romero will go back to work. There's going to be a new Company Doctor, and a new Safety Engineer. Pat will get an unbiased examination and if he's entitled to compensation he'll get that too."

"Sure, sure!" Pat said. "What big overgrown genie is rubbing who's magic lamp?"

Gil laughed and exerted a little pressure because Dana was trying to disengage her hands. "I'm not fooling. I'm a Company man on Company business. I'm the Boss Man's man, if you know whom I mean?"

Pat whistled. "You mean J. D. Platte himself sent you? Go on. I don't believe it! What does Platte care about anything but pulling in his profits?"

Gil's face reddened. "He cares a lot," he said intensely. "He cares so much that I'm the third man he's sent out here to try and straighten the mess out. The others may have fallen among thieves, but anyhow, things are going to be different from now on. When J. D. Platte gets through cleaning house, it's going to shine, and the good will inherit the fruits of their labor."

**H**E WAS still holding Dana's hands, but she wasn't resisting now. Something had happened to them all, and to the whole town of Platte—something as evenly distributed and as welcome as the first drops of rain on parched earth.

"But why do I lose my job?" Dana asked suddenly.

Gil Riley grinned. "I can make enough money to support my wife."

"Oh," Dana said, and they just sat there looking at each other.

"There's a moon outside somewhere," Pat suggested. "There isn't any moon in here and won't be all evening."

They went outside and sat on the bench under the umbrella tree.





# SIGN POST

• The SIGN POST is a service of instruction in the Catholic Faith and related matters for our subscribers. Letters containing questions should be addressed to The Sign Post, c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Please give full name and address as a sign of good faith. Neither initials nor place of residence will be printed except with the writer's consent. • Questions should be about the faith and history of the Catholic Church and related matters. • Questions should be kept separate from other business. • Questions are not answered by personal letter. • Matters of conscience and urgent moral cases should be brought to one's Pastor or Confessor. • Anonymous letters will not be considered.

## Communism and Good Morals

*Aside from its atheism, what is contrary to good morals in Communism?—LOUISVILLE, KY.*

We presume that when you inquire about Communism you do not refer to idealistic and so-called Christian communism, which in itself under certain conditions is not evil, but to the Marxist type which exists in Russia, and which is officially and militantly atheistic. The late Pope Pius XI condemned Marxist Communism in a special encyclical, which should be read in its entirety for a clear understanding of its many errors. The Pope summed up its other grave defects in these words: "It is a system full of errors and sophisms. It is in opposition both to reason and to divine revelation. It subverts the social order because it means the destruction of its foundations; because it ignores the true origin and purpose of the state; because it denies the rights, dignity, and liberty of human personality." The encyclical develops these points in clear and convincing detail.

## "Man the Unknown"

*We wish to ask your opinion of "Man the Unknown" by Dr. Alexis Carrel. We know that the book is remarkable and that it is Catholic in tone for the most part, but we also note that it contains statements that are not altogether consistent with Catholic doctrine.—CHICAGO, ILL.*

*Man the Unknown* was favorably received by most Catholic critics. The significant feature of Dr. Carrel's treatment is that he admits the spiritual nature and activity of man, which sets the human being apart from every other earthly creature, and which must be taken into account if we wish to know man as he is. This is a great advance over many of the so-called scientific treatises on biology and psychiatry that have appeared in recent years.

The author, according to his New York secretary, is "a member of the Roman Catholic Church," but it cannot be said that he writes as a Catholic or that he

bases his treatise on Catholic philosophy. Consequently one must not expect to find his book satisfactory in every detail. But an intelligent Catholic may read it with profit.

## Catholic Viewpoint on Books and Authors

(1) *I would like to inquire about the Catholic viewpoint on "The Power and Secret of the Jesuits" by René Fülöp-Miller, and "The Life of Jesus" by François Mauriac. (2) Are Ignazio Silone and Nicholas Berdyaev Catholic authors, and what does the Church think of their works? (3) How are the works of Ernest Hemingway looked on by the Church?—OAK PARK, ILL.*

The "Church" has not taken any authoritative viewpoint of the above works; hence Catholic opinion manifested by reviewers must be invoked.

(1) The attention of René Fülöp-Miller is focused only on the human aspect of the Society of Jesus; consequently, one cannot find an objective and thorough appraisal of this noted religious order in his book. Mauriac's *Life of Jesus* is not a scholarly historical study, but a popular and impressionistic portrait.

(2) Silone states that he was baptized a Catholic and in his youth studied for the Catholic ministry. Later he became a militant Communist, but in 1930 left the Party. He does not reveal whether he returned to the Church of his baptism. His books could be written only by a Latin Catholic, but they are not Catholic in tone and sympathy. Berdyaev is a Russian Orthodox philosopher whose works have aroused considerable attention and favorable comment. Though he does not write as a Catholic, his books are based mainly on Catholic principles.

(3) Hemingway received Catholic baptism when near death on the Italian front during the last World War. His writings show little, if any, knowledge of or sympathy with Catholic philosophy. They are vulgar and frequently vicious, besides being saturated with a spirit of pessimism and frustration. Hemingway tries to be hard and tough but fundamentally he is maudlin. He is typical of writers who seek material in social sewage.

### Confirmation Before Marriage

*(1) Would one be considered a good Catholic and still not be confirmed? (2) Is it possible for a baptized Catholic to receive the Sacrament of Matrimony without having been confirmed?—CHICAGO, ILL.*

(1) Although the Sacrament of Confirmation is not necessary for salvation, it is wrong to neglect its reception when opportunity offers. (Canon 787) The graces and gifts bestowed by this Sacrament help us to attain salvation more easily, and consequently a good Catholic will not neglect to receive it.

(2) A baptized Catholic can contract a valid, sacramental marriage with another baptized person without being confirmed. Canon Law, however, prescribes that Confirmation should be received before marriage if it can be done conveniently. (Canon 1021, n. 2)

### Saint Paul an Apostle

*Saint Paul calls himself an Apostle and so does the Church. Why is he given this title?—LOUISVILLE, KY.*

An apostle means literally "one who is sent." When Our Lord commissioned the Apostles He said, "As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you." They were sent by Him to carry the Gospel, or good tidings of salvation, to the ends of the earth. Saint Paul was not one of the original twelve who were chosen by Jesus before His crucifixion, nor was he added to the apostolic band by the Apostles themselves, as Mathias was after the treason of Judas. He was called by God Himself in a miraculous way: "This man is to Me a vessel of election to carry My Name before the gentiles and kings and the children of Israel." (Acts. 9:15) Because his special mission was to the gentiles, he is called the Apostle of the Gentiles.

### Time Norms

*I would like to know if this situation could take place without involving any sin. A Catholic intends to receive Holy Communion on Saturday morning. He has gone to confession and is free from all mortal sins. He decides to fast before Holy Communion from midnight, standard time, which would be one o'clock war time. This seems to be perfectly legitimate, but my question is may he eat meat from twelve o'clock Friday night (war time) up to twelve o'clock standard time (one o'clock war time Saturday morning) and receive Communion without breaking the Eucharistic fast?—YONKERS, N. Y.*

For the reception of Holy Communion and the observance of the laws of fast and abstinence Canon Law allows the faithful to follow local time, whether true or mean; or legal time, whether regional or extraordinary. (Canon 33, Par. 1.) Local true time is sun time, which varies at the different seasons of the year and may be longer or shorter than twenty-four hours. Local mean time is exactly twenty-four hours every day. Standard time was regional or zonal legal time; daylight and war time are instances of extraordinary legal time.

In regard to the Eucharistic fast, which begins on the previous midnight, one may follow any of the above

norms of computing midnight. It is also taught by many authorities in Canon Law that a different norm of time may be followed for observing different laws; one for observing Friday fast and abstinence, and another for the Eucharistic fast. Thus, one may compute midnight Friday according to extraordinary legal time (war time) as ending the abstinence, and be free to eat meat up to midnight Friday according to local time, whether mean or true, when the Eucharistic fast is begun. Other authorities deny this and hold that one norm must govern the observance of the two laws. The first opinion, however, is safe in practice.

It must be added that Canon 32, Par. 1, says that a day consists of twenty-four consecutive hours. One may not use local time, whether mean or true, for the beginning of Friday, and legal time for its termination, when this would be less than twenty-four hours.

### Hortense

*In baptism I received the name Hortense. Is this a saint's name? If so, kindly publish a short biography of her.—SCRANTON, PA.*

Hortense does not appear in the list of saints' names in our sources.

### The Reins

*What is the meaning of reins in the text, "I am He that searcheth the hearts and reins?" (Apoc. 2:23) —BELLEVILLE, ILL.*

In the physiological sense the reins are the kidneys and their region, or the loins. In the moral sense the reins were formerly considered to be the seat of desires, affections, and passions. Hence the meaning of the text is, God knows even the most secret thoughts and desires of the soul.

### Visit to Cemetery

*Does the Church grant an indulgence for visiting the graves of the dead?—MILWAUKEE, WIS.*

To the faithful, who during the octave of the Commemoration of the Faithful Departed (All Souls) piously and devoutly visit the cemeteries and pray, even though mentally only for the dead, the Church grants a plenary indulgence once a day for each day; and to those who make such a visit on days outside the above octave an indulgence of seven years is granted. The plenary indulgence is granted under the usual conditions—confession, communion, visit to a church, and prayer for the Pope. Both indulgences are applicable only to the dead. (*Preces et Pia Opera*, N. 456).

### Stations During Exposition

*Is it proper to make the Stations of the Cross during solemn exposition of the Blessed Sacrament?—READING, PA.*

There is no decree or official instruction against it, but it seems incongruous. The Blessed Sacrament is exposed for the adoration of the faithful, and it does

not seem proper to make the Way of the Cross at that time. After a person has spent some time in adoration, however, he could make the Stations if it helped his devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, which is the memorial of the Passion of Christ.

### Record of Nullity Petition

*Is it true that when a petition for the dissolution of a marriage has been disapproved the names of the petitioners are forwarded by the chancery office to all the churches of the diocese so that when marriages are to be performed it can be discovered if the names of those contemplating marriage are on the list?—CHICAGO, ILL.*

This procedure is not prescribed in the common law of the Church and we doubt that it is the particular rule of any diocese. In the light of the preliminary investigation, prescribed by law, into the freedom of the parties to marry it would be difficult to understand the need of any such procedure. As regards a declaration of nullity, it might be added that Canon 1988 decrees that the Ordinary of the place must see to it that mention of this must be inserted in the baptismal and marriage records of the parties affected by the declaration of nullity. The reason for this is easy to see, for it has an essential bearing on the freedom of the parties to contract marriage in the future.

### Berran

*Is there a Catholic saint by the name of Berran, or is the name a corruption of Brian?—CHICAGO, ILL.*

Father Weidenhan (*Baptismal Names*) lists a Berran, an Irish confessor, whose feast day is July 11. The same authority says that Brian, whose feast day is March 22, was a martyred king of Ireland.

### Methodist Marrying Catholic

*A girl baptized in the Methodist Episcopal Church married a Catholic man before a Catholic priest under a promise to become a Catholic. Must this girl be baptized over again in the Catholic Church, if she is converted? (2) If she decides that she cannot go through with the instructions and breaks her promise even at the risk of leaving him, is the man still married to her for the rest of his life?*

(1) We can hardly understand your words about the promise as meaning that it was on this condition that she was dispensed from the impediment of mixed religion and permitted to marry before the priest. What you probably mean is that she signified her intention of taking instructions with a view to conversion without reference to the marriage itself. If she is convinced of the truth of the Catholic Church and of her obligation to enter into it as the one true Church established by Our Lord, her previous baptism will be thoroughly investigated, and if there is any doubt about its validity she will be rebaptized conditionally. The intent is not to baptize her twice—this is gravely forbidden—but to make sure that she is baptized once. Because of the carelessness with which many Protestant baptisms are

administered, it is the rule for Catholic priests to baptize converts conditionally at their entrance into the Church. If the first baptism was valid, the condition saves the sacrament from being frustrated; if it was invalid, the second is valid.

(2) A marriage which has been entered into between two baptized parties—whether both are Catholics or one is a Catholic and the other a non-Catholic—and consummated, cannot be dissolved except by death. Therefore the non-fulfillment of her intention will not affect the indissolubility of the marriage.

### Sight of the Dead

*Is there any record of a person having been seen by the living after his death?—DORCHESTER, MASS.*

The Christian religion is based on the fact of the corporal resurrection of Jesus Christ on the third day after His death and burial. Nothing in all history is more certain than that. For forty days He appeared to His disciples teaching them about the Kingdom of God, and afterward ascended visibly into Heaven (Acts 1:3-9). Jesus Himself raised three dead persons to life during His ministry—the daughter of Jairus, the son of the widow of Naim, and Lazarus. If you refer only to apparitions of the dead, Saint Matthew (27:52, 53) testifies that when Our Lord died “the graves were opened and many bodies of the saints that had slept arose and coming out of the tombs after His resurrection came into the city and appeared to many.” There are also many well-authenticated instances of apparitions of the dead in the lives of the saints.

### Knowledge of Souls in Purgatory

*Do the souls in Purgatory know what is happening on earth and do they know who is praying for them?—JERSEY CITY, N. J.*

The Church teaches nothing formally about this matter, so we must consult the theologians who have speculated about it. Saint Thomas, for instance, teaches that separated souls can no longer of themselves acquire knowledge of worldly things, but they may acquire it of souls newly arrived in Purgatory, or by means of angels, or by the spirit of God. Hence it is probable that they know of the prayers being offered for them and other things that concern their relatives and friends. In view of the doctrine of the Communion of Saints, whereby the blessed in Heaven, the souls in Purgatory, and the faithful on earth are joined together in one spiritual body by charity, these opinions are reasonable and consoling.

### Sunday in Place of Sabbath

*Why do Catholics observe and keep holy the first day of the week instead of the seventh as God ordained, when He said, “Keep holy the Sabbath day”?—EAST ORANGE, N. J.*

Saint Thomas teaches that the observance of the Sunday in the New Law supplants the observance of the Sabbath in the Old Law, not by virtue of a Divine precept, but because of the authority of the Church and the custom of Christians. The change was made grad-



ually. It was not until about the second century that the change became universal. It must have had the sanction of Christ who is the "Lord of the Sabbath," and who promised to ratify in Heaven the exercise of apostolic authority on earth. The Apostles chose the first day of the week because it was on this day that Christ rose from the tomb and it was also the day on which the Holy Spirit descended visibly on them. Catholics therefore have the best of reasons for sanctioning the first day instead of the seventh, but Christians who base their faith on the Bible and the Bible only find it difficult to reconcile their practice with their rule of faith, for there is nothing in the Bible about the Lord changing the observance of the Sabbath to the Sunday. In this matter Bible Christians acknowledge without their realizing it that the Bible alone is not the complete rule of faith, and in this important matter they follow the custom of the Catholic Church.

### Assisting at Two Masses

*If two or more Masses are being offered at the same time do we receive more merit by assisting at them than by assisting at one?*—BRONX, N. Y.

Since the Church teaches that there "can be no other work so holy and so divine performed by the faithful" as the celebration of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, it follows that more merit may be gained by assisting devoutly at two or more Masses being offered simultaneously than at one.

### Quarantine

*When an indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines is granted, what is the meaning of the latter term?*

Quarantine (from the Italian *quaranta*, forty) means a period of forty days. When the term was used in the grant of a partial indulgence it signified that the person who gained the indulgence would earn the equivalent of forty days (a Lent) penance according to the penitential discipline of the early Church. The Church no longer uses the term in granting indulgences.

### Alive at Judgment Day

*Will those who die on the last day go to Purgatory? By that I mean the faithful who have venial sins on their souls but who are nevertheless friends of God?*

Purgatory will cease on the day of the General Judgment. How God will deal with the just who are alive at the end of the world but who need to be cleansed of their lesser sins is a matter of speculation. Saint Thomas' opinion is that they will atone for their venial sins and the temporal punishment due to them very quickly. He offers two interesting reasons for his opinion. First, there will be fewer sins to be purged away in those who are alive on the last day on account of the sufferings they will have undergone from the persecution that preceded it. Second, they will suffer from the fire that will consume the world and this suffering will be more efficacious for them while they are alive than it would be after their death, since they are still capable of gaining merit.



Letters should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's—not necessarily those of the Editor. Comment concerning articles or other matter appearing in the pages of the magazine is welcomed. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

### Cotter or Cozzens?

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Praise be to you for maintaining such a fine quality magazine. I've said this before, and again I say it. It has everything one could wish for, something that is very unusual in a Catholic magazine. With your magazine to lead the way we, the rank and file, are helped tremendously in attempting to sort out the rubbish from the finer things in life. This is especially so in your book reviews, and your motion picture and theatrical reviews. By the way—this Jerry Cotter—is he hiding under a pseudonym? A few months ago in your magazine you had a picture of Jerry Cotter, and along about the same time the Book of the Month Club sent along a review of *The Just and the Unjust*, and they sent a picture of the author, James Gould Cozzens. The resemblance of Cotter to Cozzens (even as to last names and initials to given names) made me feel sure that I had hit upon something. At least they must be related, if not the same individuals. But no matter whether Cotter is Cozzens, or vice versa, or whether Cotter is just plain Cotter, congratulate him for me for turning out such fine, reliable reviews of both movies and stage productions.

Lafayette, Ind.

E. ROBERT STOKES

*Editor's Note:* Mr. Cotter is not Mr. Cozzens, nor is he related to him.

### "Sharing the Burdens"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

You have almost started a conflagration with your editorial, "Sharing the Burdens." But then, editors have to be able to take it as well as to give it. I am a mechanic, but I must agree with the editor that some of the wages are far too high by comparison. But on the other hand I can't blame these men, because many of them made next to nothing for about nine years.

During the so-called depression many of the em-

employers utilized the plight of the workingmen—especially in the hotel business where I am employed. At the beginning of the depression almost half of the number of employees had been fired and the other half had to take over this extra share of work without any extra pay. As a matter of fact the wages were cut to the bone. After a while business increased almost to the old volume, rents were raised again and again, but wages were kept at a low level.

I am a stationary engineer and maintenance man and have to be expert in plumbing and electricity. I also have to know quite a bit about elevators. And for this combination I receive the princely sum of 150 dollars per month—way back it was 225 dollars. My employer never hesitates to call on me for emergencies when I am off duty and no extra pay offered. The catch is: I have five children and can't make a change very easily. I complained a few times, but I only received a veiled threat that some other guy would gladly take my job.

The owners of the hotel have quite a few other well-paying enterprises and are extremely wealthy. They belong to the class of so-called "Cultured Catholics" and should know all about Pope Leo's encyclical "*Rerum Novarum*," on the Condition of Labor. But for convenience sake they have a Protestant manager who figures only in terms of monthly profits.

A. B. C.

### Christmas Club for Christ

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I have read the article on "Christmas Club for Christ, a Penny a Day." After reading this account it brought to my mind how this can spread Christianity and make the next generation stronger soldiers of Christ. By sacrificing a cent a day we can make Christmas a beautiful one. I never knew that a children's club could aid in such a cause.

Winona, Minn.

M. A. M.

### "Lessons of Bethlehem"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Your December editorial, "Lessons of Bethlehem" was a masterpiece. Evidently you do not intend to soft-pedal the Mystical Body for the duration. In line with your reference to the fact that among our enemies are fellow members of the Mystical Body, or Communion of Saints, may I suggest an application which recent news seems to make timely.

Our Faith informs us that by prayer and penance we can greatly help not only the peaceful Souls in Purgatory, but also the poor suffering souls on earth—and all by virtue of that intimate link of sanctifying grace, which is the life blood of the Mystical Body of Christ.

When we hear of Mayor La Guardia and others leaving no stone unturned to persuade the Italians to refuse further co-operation with the Axis, we are reminded that a victory for the United Nations can come either by our destroying the Axis fighters or by their refusal to obey the evil commands of Hitler and Mussolini. Who would not prefer the latter way as far as possible?

Then why not a crusade of prayer and penance on our part for our brethren under the Axis, that the Lord may grant them the light to see that detestable alliance as our Hierarchy views it, and the strength to prefer

even the death penalty rather than collaborate with such satanic war aims?

We should not let Masonic or Communistic forces take all the credit for weaning away from the Axis our own fellow members of the Mystical Body of Christ.

New York City

JOSEPH McNULTY

### Negro Catholics in U. S.

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the November issue of your worthy publication I find under the heading "Catholicity of the Church" the following statement on page 244: "How many truly desire and labor for the conversion of the Negroes, of whom only 25,000 out of a population of 13,000,000 are Catholics?"

I am quite sure that the number of Catholics given is due to a typographical error and that you did not intend this statement to appear in the form given, since for many years the number of colored Catholics was announced as 250,000; but according to the survey made for his recent book, *Colored Catholics in the United States*, the late Rev. John T. Gillard, S. S. J., Ph. D., discovered that there were 296,998 Negro Catholics on January 1, 1940. (Cf. table on pages 140-1).

The annual report (1942) of the Commission for Catholic Missions among the Colored People and Indians sets the total of colored Catholics as of January 1942 at 300,447. (Cf. page 28).

I am sure that you are just as anxious as we that the correct number of Negro communicants of the Catholic Church be stated, since your own Fathers are engaged in bringing the truths of our holy religion to the members of the Negro race.

Baltimore, Md.

(REV.) JAMES F. DIDAS, S. S. J.

### "Catechism Comes to Life"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

*The Catechism Comes to Life* is one of the finest books of its class to come to print in recent years. It is a book that can be highly recommended as a gift for a newly ordained priest. Too often in the seminary the course on the "Instruction of the Catechism" is inadequate and hurried. The young curate is forced to formulate his own method of teaching catechism. If he lacks imagination, as is sometimes the case, he follows no method, to the detriment of his work.

The author of *The Catechism Comes to Life* shows that he has studied deeply and well the problem of making catechetical work dramatic and zestful. He has solved the problem in a practical way. He has selected much of all that is good in the different methods of teaching it. Many things have been decidedly improved by the artistic and literary skill of the author. Somehow he gives the impression that all of his methods have been tried out and have been found satisfactory to the mind of the child. The result is a simple little manual of effective, interesting, and very useful instruction for the instructor.

If the teaching of the Catechism is an art then *The Catechism Comes to Life* will be a gold mine of inspiration for the budding artist in that field.

There are several reasons why I consider the review of *The Catechism Comes to Life* which appeared in the December issue, very unfair:

1. The critic admits that he speaks as a reviewer (of books) and not as a teacher of the catechism. Is that not like asking your horticulturist to diagnose your neuralgia? Why does not the shoemaker stick to his last?

2. The reviewer finds in the book a "tendency" to be so intent on method that the book defeats its purpose. The purpose of the book is to help the teacher of the catechism make his teaching live. Anyone who has seen Father Daniel Lord in action in his Catholic Action courses will readily understand the importance of "drawing things," "doing things," "showing things," and "telling things." Indeed there is a great personality behind Father Lord's success as a teacher. The four ways of Father Aylward will do much to help the busy clergy to achieve and imitate in their meek way the success of Father Lord.

3. It is unfair to say that the book is complex and likely to lead to confusion. Its limpid simplicity will be apparent to anyone who is imbued with real apostolic zeal for teaching the living Word. Lay teachers welcome the book with joy. Clerics of maturer years can peruse it with profit to their teaching and find it a stimulant to their method. The cleric about to be ordained will study its drawings, parables, and bibliography with genuine interest and with great profit to immortal souls. God speed *The Catechism Comes to Life* on its life-giving and abundantly profitable way.

Will THE SIGN please permit such lovely lights as Father Aylward's to shimmer. Let's not dunk them under the cold and dreary bushel of a too-hasty and thoughtless criticism. This thought-provoking book deserves a more thoughtful review.

New York City REV. BERTRAM OBERMIRE, O.F.M.

### Literature for Army Camps

#### EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Each year at this time we begin our drive for the collection of Catholic magazines and books, which afterward are sent to the Army chaplains who distribute them to the boys in camps.

I have found that THE SIGN is one of the more popular Catholic magazines among the Catholic readers in the various camps. If there are any subscribers to THE SIGN who have back numbers and who wish to help provide our young soldiers with excellent reading matter, please send them to the address given below. Also religious reading matter of all kinds—Bibles, prayer books, rosaries, medals, etc.

Please extend my thanks to those who mailed me seventy packages of magazines as a result of my letter in the July issue.

Jesus and Mary Mission,  
40 Liberty Street,  
Bridgeport, Conn.

LOUIS L. GIONET

### Bouquets

#### EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I would certainly feel lost without THE SIGN, which I think has done a marvelous job of streamlining in recent months.

A word of appreciation for your motion picture reviewer, Jerry Cotter, for his timely comments on the private-life antics of some screen stars. I agree whole-

heartedly that magazines and newspapers would do well to omit all publicity on these hardly edifying characters in the future. May I add that Mr. Cotter's reviews of movies and plays are particularly interesting because they are refreshingly different from the cut-and-dried criticisms in the secular press. The splendid editorials, Katherine Burton's page, and John C. O'Brien's Washington articles are other features that I never pass over. From cover to cover THE SIGN is the finest publication I have ever come across.

Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.

ROSEMARY REILLY

### Catholic Books Needed

#### EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

We would like to use space in your valuable magazine to help us in our efforts to establish a separate shelf made up of an assortment of exclusively Catholic Literature in the Institutional Library.

There are approximately 200 Catholics confined in this institution, who are continuously inquiring for books—historical, informative, biographic, philosophic and fiction—of the Catholic Church and its communicants. At present our selection is inadequate, consisting only of ten or twelve rather ancient volumes. We received from your organization a quantity of back numbers of THE SIGN. These were quickly absorbed. We have, as well, received magazines and periodicals from other organizations, and pamphlets which only seem to whet the appetite for more detailed works.

If there are among your readers any who have books stored in basements or attics, we would very much appreciate receiving them, and making them available to our Catholic readers.

REV. HERMAN V. BONGERS,  
Catholic Chaplain.

Iowa State Penitentiary,  
Fort Madison, Iowa.

### Dr. Thorning and Cuba

#### EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

My congratulations to THE SIGN for its splendid articles on inter-Americanism.

In my capacity as instructor of Spanish at Niagara University, I found Dr. Thorning's article on Cuba in your November issue particularly helpful in giving to my students a better appreciation of our fellow Americans to the south. I hope that we may have more articles from this pioneer on Spiritual Inter-Americanism.

Niagara, N. Y.

NICHOLAS SALLESE

### Thanksgivings

*Sacred Heart*, S.M., Baltimore, Md.; *Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal*, G.M.L., Hollis, L.I.; *Blessed Virgin*, M.McL., W.F.H., Bruno, Sask.; E.B., Dunkirk, N.Y.; *St. Jude*, L.P., New York, N.Y.; M.P.G., Hamilton, Ohio; J.O'R., Scarsdale, N.Y.; E.B., Dunkirk, N.Y.; F.F.D., Arlington, Mass.; St. Gemma, C.I.T., Blasdell, N.Y.; St. Anthony, A.W., Albany, N.Y.; A.M.G., Dorchester, Mass.; Little Flower, W.F.H., Bruno, Sask.; St. Gabriel, E.T., Philadelphia, Pa.; St. Teresa, M.B.F., Glendale, L.I.; F.G., Portland, Oregon; T.S., Georgetown, Ind.; J.S., Kearney, N.J.; M.W.R., Lawrence, Mass.; M.S.J., Chicago, Ill.



# Categorica

ITEMS HUMOROUS OR UNUSUAL  
ON MATTERS OF GREAT  
OR LITTLE MOMENT

## Horse and Buggy Courtesy

► FOR THE BENEFIT of gasolineless motorists who may be thinking of getting a horse and buggy the following rules of etiquette are unearthed from sixty years ago. From an article in the "New York Times Magazine":

A gentleman upon calling to take a lady for a ride will never compel her to climb into the buggy unassisted, but will courteously descend to the ground with reins in hand and gently clasping her elbow help her enter the vehicle, stepping in himself only after she has comfortably seated herself.

Ladies when driving will invariably dispose the laprobe in such manner that their extremities will be well covered from sight of passers-by.

To ride with one or both of the feet hanging out, as is the custom of many young men of "rakish" inclination, is the height of vulgarity, even for the sterner sex.

On passing a lady acquaintance in the street while driving, a gentleman should entrust the reins to his left hand (and the whip also, if in use), thus leaving the right hand free to lift the hat. To lift the hat with the hand which holds the whip is scarcely a polite gesture, need it be said?

## Swing Invades China

► THE JAZZ CRAZE has brought with it a number of social problems which are giving the Chinese authorities in Shanghai some cause of uneasiness, according to an excerpt from "Fu Jen Magazine" quoting Chinese newspaper editorials:

Middle-aged fathers of families are to be found in dance halls, and home life is apt to suffer in consequence. Occasionally this particular aspect of the problem is solved in a rather piquant fashion by the husband taking his wife with him when he goes to the dance hall. It is now not uncommon to see wives patiently sitting on the sidelines while their husbands disport themselves upon the glassy floors of Shanghai's palaces of pleasure. In order to pass the time more pleasantly some wives bring along books or other reading material, nor is knitting taboo in such cases.

In order to prevent Chinese students from wasting time and money in Shanghai's numerous dance halls and similar resorts, authorities are making it compulsory for all students leaving the university to wear the uniform and have their hair cropped in criminal fashion. This, the authorities think, will make the student too conspicuous to want to see life.

## Simple

► "THE KABLEGRAM" tells the story of a quiet man in a crowd who had grown tired of the boastful talk of the others, so when there was a lull in the conversation, he began:

This morning I went over to see a new machine we've got at our place and it's astonishing how it works.

"How does it work?" asked one.

"Well," was the reply, "by means of a pedal attachment a fulcrum lever converts a vertical reciprocal motion into a circular movement. The principal part of the machine is a huge disc that revolves in a vertical plane. Power is applied through the axis of the disc, and work is done on the periphery where the hardest steel by mere impact may be reduced to any shape."

"What is this wonderful machine?" chorused the crowd.

"A grindstone."

## Adding to a Language

► HELEN MEARS, discussing her new book "Year of the Wild Boar" on a CBS broadcast, tells how new words are added to the Japanese vocabulary. "Talks" quotes this part of the program:

When the Japanese take over something from a foreign culture they usually take also the foreign name, changing it slightly so that it can be written in the Japanese sign language. Some of these new words are very useful and amusing. For instance, department store is *depatto*; apartment house, *apato*; toast, *tosuto*; butter, *bata*; ham, *hamu*; beer, *biru*; coffee is *kohi*. One of the most amusing is *haikara*, meaning up-to-date. This word was taken from the slang phrase "high hat," but the Japanese who adapted it got it wrong and made it "high collar" instead.

## Geographic Liability

► IMPOSING MOUNTAIN RANGES in South America, while adding much to the scenic beauty of a country, have often proved a social liability, making the physical map entirely different from the political map of a country. "The Pan American Magazine" gives an incident in point:

Until recent times in Peru if a revolution broke out in the eastern part of that country, which is on the other side of the mountains from the capital at Lima, it became necessary to send soldiers by boat up the west coast of South America, through the Panama

Canal, along the north coast of South America to the Amazon River, and finally up the Amazon for more than 2,000 miles before an attempt could be made to quell the rebellion.

### The Innocent Purchaser

► THE PURCHASER OF A PLACE in the country has three strikes on him from the moment the deed is signed, according to S. J. Perelman, writing in "Post Scripts" in the "Saturday Evening Post":

Outside of a spring lamb trotting into a slaughterhouse, there is nothing in the animal kingdom as innocent and foredoomed as the new purchaser of a country place. The moment he scratches his signature on the deed, it is open season and no limit to the bag. At once, Nature starts cutting him down to size. Wells that bubbled over for two hundred years mysteriously go dry, stone walls develop huge fissures, and chimneys sag out of plumb. Majestic elms which have withstood the full fury of the hurricane and the Dutch blight begin shedding their leaves; oaks dating from the reign of Charles II fade like cheap calico. Meanwhile, the former owner is busy removing a few personal effects. He rolls up the lawn preparatory to loading it on flatcars, floats the larger trees downstream, and carts off the corncrib, woodshed, and toolhouse. When I first viewed my own property, my dewy naïveté was incredible—even Dewey Naïveté, the agent who showed me around, had to suppress a smile. What sealed the choice was a decrepit henhouse occupied by a flock of white Wyandottes. According to my estimate, it needed only a vigorous dusting and a small can of enamel to transform it into a snug guest cottage. Shading my eyes, I could see a magnificent wisteria, heavy with blooms, creeping up a lattice any fool could construct with ten cents' worth of nails. As soon as I took possession, though, I discovered it must have been on casters, for all that greeted me was a yawning pit trimmed with guano and eggshells.

### Your Busy Heart

► SOME STATISTICS on that remarkable organ, the heart, are given by Dr. Peter J. Steincrohn in the "American Mercury":

The heart is not the eighth but the first wonder of the universe. It beats over three billion times between birth and total surrender. It is living proof of the superiority of blood, muscle, and nerve over metal. Clocks and watches—which tick a mere two billion times in seventy years—are consigned to the junkpile long before the normal heart begins to tire. But just as overwork soon wears out the insides of all man-made machines, unnecessary strains take their toll of your heart.

This sturdy organ has remarkable stamina. Consider that it leads no simple, machinelike existence. It is ever storm-tossed: affected temporarily or permanently by emotions, life-pace, and illness in any part of the body. It may be said with justice that the heart laughs with the gay, cries with the sad, grieves with the worried, and suffers with the sick. Without rewinding—or the advantage of periodic overhaul—it must meet the demands of the human organism.

Should the heart stop beating for ten seconds, death comes winging. One can hold his breath a minute, fast for five days, lose consciousness for ten hours, while lungs, stomach, and brain idle along without irreparable damage. But when the heart stops, everything stops. The brain, liver, lungs, and all other organs die too, though they may be in the prime of condition, because the central power supply has shut down.

It's a tough bit of machinery, the heart, to carry such a burden through six, seven, or more decades. Given half a chance, it will produce those three billion or more beats necessary for mellow old age. Even after it has in some way been tired or damaged, it will persist with amazing tenacity if not called on for tasks beyond its strength.

### Applied Psychology

► AN ABILITY TO UNDERSTAND the feminine mind was demonstrated by a salesman whose experience had taught him the correct approach in a difficult situation, as recorded in "The Far East":

A fashionably dressed woman walked into a shoe store, saying that she wanted a pair of shoes. The salesman asked her to be seated and after taking her size, said: "One of your feet is much larger than the other."

Offended, the lady complained about the clerk at once and left the store indignantly.

In the next block she found another shoe store. Here the salesman took her size, too.

"One of your feet is much smaller than the other," he remarked.

She smiled with satisfaction and bought two pairs of shoes.

### Cats and Pneumonia

► "NEWSWEEK" warns cat-lovers that they can catch pneumonia from their ailing pets:

Men may catch from cats and cats may catch from men a form of pneumonia concerning which state health departments have lately been issuing warnings. Called atypical, wartime, or even X pneumonia, the disease this year has been especially prevalent in the Northeastern United States. Physicians have suspected that the malady, which is seldom fatal but leaves its human and feline victims as weak as kittens, is caused by some virus instead of by the bacterium which is the agent in lobar pneumonia.

In last week's issue of *Science*, Dr. James A. Baker of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research at Princeton, N. J., reported preliminary evidence that the atypical pneumonia organism is a virus which forms minute bodies like those observed in psittacosis (parrot fever). After experimenting with cultures from men and cats, the Rockefeller research concluded that the virus which gives cats so-called nasal catarrh, influenza, or distemper, probably is identical with the atypical pneumonia culprit. And he notes some cases in which human beings exposed to their ailing pet cats contracted an "unusual" form of pneumonia, plus one instance in which a healthy cat sickened after playing with a sick child.



# Books



## **A Companion to the Summa IV: The Way of Life**

By WALTER FARRELL, O.P.

With the publication of this volume Doctor Farrell concludes his Companions to the Summa—and a magnificent conclusion it is! To the lay reader it is the best wine saved until the last.

At the time of His Transfiguration on Mount Tabor, Jesus Christ was proposed to mankind by His Eternal Father: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased: hear ye him." Our Lord said of Himself: "I am the way, and the truth, and the life. No man cometh to the Father but by me." Jesus Christ, God dressed as man, becomes for all men the perfect expositor of perfect dutiful life in all human circumstances.

*The Way of Life* examines the mystery of the Incarnation, the Mediatorship of Christ, the part Mary played in the Divine plan for human redemption. It tells how the graces won by the Victim are applied to men's souls through the sevenfold channels which are the Sacraments, and of the eternal beginnings in heaven or in hell of man's life, depending on the following or rejection of Christ—the Way, the Truth, the Life.

The same depth of thinking, lucidity of expression, apt illustration, happy turn of word, characterize this last *Companion to the Summa*, as were revealed in previous volumes. Its publication in this drear hour of human affairs when war and its demands for suffering and bravery are the theme of the times, is more than mere chance. It may be termed a kindly gesture of Divine Providence to refocus attention on Christ. If the reading world pass the book by (as is unfortunately likely), its study by Catholics may become a leaven, which added to the mass of godless materialism so prevalent, may serve to make the whole world leaven.

St. Thomas in heaven must rejoice that his brother Dominican has so learnedly and so distinguishably brought his unfinished symphony of truth to the attention of the modern world.

Sheed & Ward, New York. \$3.75

## **A History of Social Thought**

By REV. PAUL HANLY FURFEY, Ph.D.

In a few hundred pages, Dr. Furfey has written the history of the social thought of the past 30,000 years. Beginning some 25,000 years before Christ, he depicts the story of our social thinking in a clear and interesting, though necessarily cursory fashion.

Since this work is that of a man who is admittedly a personalist, Dr. Furfey is ever intent in the course of the book on stressing the importance, not of classes or of nations, but of the individual as a person.

*A History of Social Thought*, embracing as it does a subject matter of such overwhelming importance and of such universal scope, might well have tried the abilities of several scholars; but Dr. Furfey's command of excellent sources, as his bibliography shows, and his manifest ability to make the proper use of them, put in a still more favorable light his already well-known scholarship.

The chapters in this book which deal with the social thought of the Old and New Testaments are of special interest, since they show that all Christian social doctrine has its foundations, not from men, but from the inspired teachings of the Holy Spirit.

The chief defect of Dr. Furfey's book seems to be a lack of appreciation for the causal influences which the great philosophers have had upon each other, e.g. the influence of Hooker upon Hobbes, of Hobbes upon Locke, etc. In addition, due to the cursory treatment of his subject matter, Dr. Furfey has of necessity

been unable to give much attention to literary refinement, and hence, his facts are presented without that artistry which has characterized the same author's *Fire on the Earth*, or his *Three Theories of Society*.

Finally, *A History of Social Thought*, while a fine summary for those who have at least a fundamental knowledge of history, philosophy, and sociology, is no textbook for beginners, for it might tend to deceive and confuse the beginner into thinking that the history of social thought is a relatively simple science, whereas, in very truth, it is as complex a subject as man himself.

The Macmillan Co., New York. \$2.75

## **Nova Scotia: The Land of Co-operation**

By LEO RICHARD WARD, C.S.C.

"The common little fellow—he's great; he can learn and do great things." This terse sentence from Father Ward's latest book seems to be the social credo, not only of the author, but even more so of the people about whom it has been written. For *Nova Scotia* is the story of the efforts of the "common little fellow" to raise himself from economic slavery to real freedom and democracy by means of the co-operatives.

In this most interesting and delightful volume, written in Father Ward's characteristically homespun manner, he tells the story of the co-operative movement in Nova Scotia and the small maritime provinces surrounding it. Dr. Coady, in his *Masters of Their Own Destiny*, has given us the history of the co-operatives from the viewpoint of the scholar and the expert. Father Ward has covered practically the same ground in *Nova Scotia*, but from a different point of departure.

The most striking feature of Father Ward's story is the spirit that has animated and motivated this co-operative movement. It has not been

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that of the survival of the fittest, or the profit system of our modern industrialism; it has been that spirit of brotherly love and Christian charity which the commandments of God and the words of Christ have inspired. Here, in this country so poorly endowed by nature, man does not strive to outstrip his neighbor, nor to become rich. All he asks is the privilege of remaining respectably poor and of helping his neighbor to attain the same end.

This book is the story of the efforts of poor men to pull themselves by the bootstraps from slavery to freedom, from utter despair to vibrant hope, from being souls that are almost possessed by the great indus-

trialists to souls that are really their own, their own to develop and make fit members of the Mystical Body of Christ. Truly, co-operation, as Pope Pius XI said, is the Christian social theory in practice and one of the greatest expressions of the aims of the papal social encyclicals.

Fr. Ward's book is worth serious attention by all who wish to see co-operatives in action, and this indeed has been the greatest merit of this book, not to tell us what credit unions are, or what co-operative stores are, but to show us how they have affected the lives of the people who are engaged in the co-operative activities.

Sheed & Ward, New York. \$2.50

## Philosophy For The Millions

By J. A. McWILLIAMS, S. J.

The writing of a popular book on philosophy is a difficult if not an impossible task. It would indeed be impossible if "popular" were to mean the exclusion of ideas and words beyond the range of the mental level to which most modern so-called literature appeals. The difficulty comes from the fact that philosophy is of necessity profound and has developed a method and terminology of its own which makes it appear to be a subject solely for specialists. But the problems of philosophy are common to all intelligent people and it is Father McWilliams' contention that both the specialist and the non-specialist will benefit by an untechnical or, if you wish, a popular presentation of philosophy. Of the value of such a presentation he says, "It brings philosophy into contact with life, and gives a better insight into the basic principles themselves."

While this book makes no attempt to cover the whole field of philosophy it does present answers to the questions that most intimately concern the individual and his welfare. The answers are those arrived at by the best minds of the ages who have contributed to that perennial philosophy which has become known as Scholastic Philosophy. In this philosophy the errors and inadequacies of individual philosophers have been

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eliminated and man can find in it a philosophy of life he can live by. Congratulations to the author for his timely and very readable chapters on problems that are at the basis of the individual and social crises of the modern era.

*The Macmillan Co., New York. \$2.00*

### Montreal

By **STEPHEN LEACOCK**

The genial and witty Stephen Leacock is ordinarily engaged in literary buffoonery but occasionally lapses into seriousness. His latest production is a scholarly history of French Canada and Montreal. It is a weighty and compact story of the founding, colonization, and subsequent fortunes of one of the largest cities in North America—a saga of epic proportions.

It is a mistake to imagine that Montreal is a Canadian city of historic interest merely to the student or to the traveler; its history and influence are closely intertwined with the United States. This was especially true during the American Revolution. It is a little-known fact that an American army actually captured and occupied the city during the year 1775-76.

Mr. Leacock has written a well-rounded work in a popular vein. He is fair in his attribution of credit, as when he pays high tribute to the work of the Catholic Church in pioneering and praises the often-neglected labors of the early Jesuit martyrs and the other missionaries of textbook renown.

*Montreal* is not a congeries of ill-assorted facts hastily thrown together;

it is a well-integrated account of a famous city by a jocular knight of the quill whose technique of interlining his story with a pleasant Attic salt may well start a new vogue in historical writing. Definitely a conspicuous effort of the first water.

*Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York. \$3.50*

### The Saints of Ireland

By **HUGH DE BLACAM**

The author of this fine book became a convert to the Church in 1913. His writings in prose and poetry, in both the English and the Irish idioms, are inspired and elevated by that added quality which makes so great a difference in the literary and scholarly approach to any subject concerning Ireland: a real appreciation of her ancient Faith.

The subject of the present work is not as comprehensive as the title might suggest. It is chiefly concerned with but two of the shining figures in the galaxy of Gaelic sanctity: Saints Columille and Brigid. Saint Patrick's life, in spite of certain obscurities, is so generally known that it is gratifying to lovers of Ireland to be able to find in this book so scholarly and so interesting an account of these other outstanding saints of Ireland. They were both of royal stock, in a real sense, and their lives were so closely bound up with the general history of Ireland in its early Christian period that this, their story, is in effect the story of an era and a culture. It is the kind of hagiography which, while not pious, is well calculated to foster intelligent piety, as well as to convey a vivid idea of the workings of grace in the early development of Christian Ireland.

*Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee. \$2.50*

### The House on Humility Street

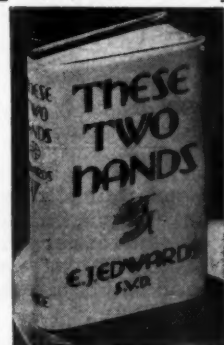
By **MARTIN W. DOHERTY**

Here is a book which should prove as popular with alumni of the North American College in Rome as *I Remember Maynooth* by Don Boyne proved to be with so many of the Irish clergy when it appeared a few years ago. It will arouse many a nostalgic recollection of Rome and of seminary life there, giving special delight to those who find in its pages glimpses of an old friend or some familiar anecdote. Indeed, the book should find a welcome among priests and seminarians generally, as all of

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Our Missioners' wishes are really sincere; because the Christmas Club for Christ brought them a lot of joy this past year.

I join my own hearty New Year wishes to those of our priests in China; adding, if I may, a couple of suggestions:

1st.—Our Penny-a-Day Club must not become a copper-boarding institution. Please exchange your pennies for silver every time you get a quarter's worth. 2nd.—Use the little, Sunday Missal faithfully. I am immensely gratified with the letters of appreciation for the Missal which came in from many members of our Club. I shall be happy to send a copy (gratis) to every new member you round up.

How's about this for a New Year's resolution: "A Penny-a-Day, a Prayer-a-Day!" God bless you!

Sincerely,

*Fr. Emmanuel, C.P.*

Dear Father: Please send me a mite box and enroll me in your Christmas Club.

Name.....

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them will find much in it to remind them of their own years of preparation in whatsoever land.

But Father Doherty's story should have a wider appeal than this. For one thing, his beginnings differed from those of most who have reached the high status of priesthood. He followed several brothers into the Fourth Estate and spent some time as a police reporter in Chicago. Here he had contact with the underworld, and he tells us very entertainingly and sympathetically of the people he met there. His associates on the newspaper were kindly men—with their faults of course—and he makes them very real for us. His account of the manner in which he found his true vocation is human and touching. Then he was sent to Rome—to the College on *Via dell' Umilità*—The House on Humility Street; and he tells us all about it in this book.

It is easy to see that Father Doherty's earlier experiences have been helpful to him in his understanding of souls. His newspaper practice has obviously been advantageous to him in producing his present memoirs: he knows how to write a book.

*Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$3.00*

### Poetry and Life

A New Anthology of English Catholic Poetry

Compiled By F. J. SHEED

The purpose of this volume, says the compiler, is to see what life has looked like to English Catholic poets who lived between the eighth and the twentieth centuries. To make this task a simpler one for the average reader, the book has been divided into two parts: first, "The General Framework of Man's Life," i.e., the creation and fall of angels and man, the Incarnation, Passion, Redemption and the last judgment; second, "The Life of Man," i.e., the kind of being man is, the kind of thing life is, love and marriage, the beauty of the world, its pain, religion, death, the next life. Works based upon such themes include selections from Caedmon, Cynewulf, Chaucer, Langland, Crashaw, Southwell, Dryden, Patmore, Francis Thompson, Gerard Manley Hopkins, Chesterton, and other outstanding Catholic poets from England's bygone days.

The book has an excellent foreword by Mr. Sheed on the aims and necessity of poetry. The latter, he states, is the fullest human speech. Prose, by comparison, is only a kind

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of lisping. Therefore, what a poet has to say about life, and a Catholic poet at that, should be of far greater value to a seeker after truth than anything a prose writer can give us.

Many of the inclusions in this volume will be unintelligible, at first reading, to the uninitiated. The compiler has foreseen this and suggests that such poems be read aloud. Also studied phrase by phrase. Such a procedure naturally calls for a little hard work, but Mr. Sheed advocates just this.

"If you must go on saying that poetry means nothing to you," he states, "say it humbly. For you are claiming to be deaf!"

This is a new kind of anthology, containing several fine masterpieces of Catholic thought. The foreword is particularly noteworthy.

*Sheed & Ward, New York. \$2.50*

### The Single Woman

By RUTH REED

Statistics show that of women who are twenty-five years of age and over today, one in every eight has not married. And the chances that a woman over thirty will marry are very slight indeed. Dr. Reed, a professor at the Catholic University School of Social Work, has made a study of this large section of the American population, combining the result of three hundred interviews in her highly readable book.

What chance has the single woman for personal happiness under our present social set-up? How is she to make a home, get on with people, pass her leisure hours, provide for her old age? These and other practical topics are thoroughly discussed in the present volume. Since there is small doubt that there will be an increase in the number of unmarried women when the war is over, the many good suggestions offered by Dr. Reed as to how the latter can adjust to the difficulties offered by their state of life are timely and welcome.

*The Macmillan Co., New York. \$2.00*

### Mixed Marriages and Prenuptial Instructions

By HONORATUS BONZELET, O.F.M.

Mixed marriages are among the most vexing and discouraging of pastoral problems. Father Bonzelet has pastors chiefly in mind in this excellent treatment of the difficulties inherent in them. He justifies the prohibition of the Church and explains the conditions under which



she will grant a dispensation from the impediment involved. Such marriages are a cause of leakage in the Church, but they may, if carefully and tactfully supervised, become a source of rich harvest in souls.

The bulk of the book contains clear and convincing instructions addressed to non-Catholics on the principal Catholic doctrines concerning such unions. Though the book is written especially for priests, it will do much good for the laity, especially for those who may contemplate entering into a mixed marriage, or who have already contracted one.

Brace Publishing Co., Milwaukee. \$1.75

### The Nature of Martyrdom

By JAMES EDWARD SHERMAN, A.B., S.T.D.

A remarkable treatise on the martyrs—those unique heroes of the Catholic Church—rather exhaustively analyzed and interestingly presented. According to the subtitle, this is a "Dogmatic and Moral Analysis According to the Teaching of Saint Thomas," which immediately earmarks the work as a scholarly tome. Nevertheless, the subject matter is not above the average intelligence although the appeal here is more directly to the learned bibliophile. A word of commendation for the author whose erudition bulks large in the pages of this philosophical masterwork.

St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J. \$3.00

### A Letter from Liseux

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Miss Windeatt, whose recent book of verse *Sing Joyfully* testified to her exceptional poetic talent, has produced in *Lad of Lima* a delightful story for children.

While traveling last year as a member of The Sign Seminar to South America, Miss Windeatt became interested in the remarkable child-saint of Lima, Blessed Martin de Porres. *Lad of Lima* is a successful effort to tell American children about this little-known Dominican saint. The book is artfully written down to the juvenile level, is ably endowed with story-book interest, and is good snug fireside reading for the little ones.

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(Eccles. 7:37)

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## FICTION IN FOCUS

(Continued from first page)

## It Happened Like This

by A. S. M. Hutchinson

► This novel will not be long remembered, but it should give many readers considerable pleasure. It combines a preposterous love story with a cleverly constructed narrative of danger and suspense. Alternately we get installments of an artist's affair with a poor (Need I add "... and beautiful"?) girl, and of the attempts of an imaginative villain to murder two small nephews whose fortune would be his were they dead.

There is an unreality about the first theme, and a coyness in its presentation, which may give the reader goose flesh. These are reminiscent of J. M. Barrie at his worst, which was pretty bad. But the second theme is handled very acceptably indeed. The characters are ably projected. The villain is a credible creation, carefully constructed of revealing, and often unusual, detail. The children are authentic youngsters. I found myself attached to them and concerned for their safety, a rare enough experience in many years of meeting boys and girls in fiction. The suspense is adroitly contrived and suffers no lapse. This is no mean achievement. The denouement is conventional, but having been entertained, one will not quarrel over that.

One should not be deterred from reading this gracefully written book by the precious nature of the love story, the tedious whimsicality which makes the early chapters occasionally exasperating, or the detours into blind subplots. The dexterous presentation of the major theme is something to enjoy. (Duell, Sloan, and Pearce, New York. \$2.50)

## Mrs. Parkington by Louis Bromfield

► This work is an inconsequential pot-boiler, slickly done, diverting in a lukewarm kind of way, but sadly wanting in substance. The lady for whom it is named is a moneyed matriarch, a tough-fibered, sprightly, surprisingly adaptable relict of one of the American robber barons. The millions unscrupulously acquired by her husband have been the ruin of the couple's children unto the third generation.

The indestructible Mrs. Parkington is surrounded by dissolute, irresponsible, snobbish offspring. The breed is crawling with the maggots of selfishness. Only in her great-granddaughter Janie, and in a nymphomaniac granddaughter's third husband, a cowboy, is there a glimmer of rationality and decency.

Disasters come tumbling melodramatically upon the Parkingtons and their connections. These affect the flinty

queen of the tribe, of course, yet she does not succumb to the onslaught but rallies her resources of wit and craft and check book to salvage from the cascading calamities those worth rescuing. The subject matter, though far from novel, has possibilities which Mr. Bromfield's perfunctory performance does not begin to realize. Now and again there are passages quick with drama, but for the most part, the book is a compound of obvious attitudes and platitudes.

(Harper, New York, N. Y. \$2.75)

## Night Shift by Maritta Wolff

► A year and a half ago Maritta Wolff's first novel, *Whistle Stop*, won the Avery Hopwood award, bowled over some of the most sure-footed critics, and shot up on the best seller lists. It was crude in theme and in execution. But it was vigorous and unhackneyed. It was an appalling demonstration of authentic power racketing around in a vacuum.

Miss Wolff's second try, *Night Shift*, now presents a group of the poor, battered people who are packed into the tenement districts of a drab town dominated by war production factories in which the glaring lights are always on and the machinery is always banging and shrieking away. The book is as formless and purposeless as the lives of its characters. They are on the seamy side, aimless and amoral grubbers for subsistence. Sensationalism and sentimentality are staples with Miss Wolff, and this book is loaded with them. Sharply observant and equipped with no little reportorial skill, she lacks both a stable point of view and the ability (or perhaps the inclination) to weed her imagination, channel her power, and rein in her tirelessly galloping pen.

This distinctly malodorous piece has one virtue: it is a reasonable and therefore frightening approximation of the cramped, barren, vertiginous lives led by millions of Americans in those soulless and sunless minor Babylons, the industrial cities. These characters have innumerable counterparts in our urbanized, mechanized, twentieth century. They have vestiges of the spiritual, vestiges of human standards and values, but only vestiges, growing ever fainter. They are genuine proletarians, certainly not the stuff from which a sound, operative democracy can be made. Miss Wolff's book is not recommended to the general reader, but the student of our times might profitably look into it. (Random House, New York. \$2.75)

## All Night Long by Erskine Caldwell

► Material for memorable literature, for dozens of great novels, is implicit in the experiences of the Russian people during their war with the Nazis. If and when these novels are brought to birth,

they will not be propaganda pieces, but recreations of the ordeals of the spirit undergone by human beings who for twenty years were stifled under the weight of dictatorially imposed materialism, yet came spectacularly to life in the stress and heat of defending themselves against a ravenous foreign foe. Erskine Caldwell's *All Night Long*, a thin and lifeless would-be novel about the guerilla bands behind the Nazi lines, is a far cry from these potential productions.

Thrilling events are recounted in it. The anguish, the courage, the tenacity of a beset people are faintly suggested. But these people do not live. They are bloodless phantoms who talk like the columns of *Pravda*, not in accents recognizably human. The reader feels he should be deeply moved as he follows Sergei and Natasha, his wife, in their unequal battle with the invaders who drive them from their home and each other. Yet he remains aloof, if not indifferent. This is because the author, a not incompetent novelist, has exerted little effort to make the pair creatures of flesh and blood. Many news dispatches from Russia are more stirring and touching than this grossly imperfect fiction; almost any news picture say, of an old woman wandering dazedly through a shattered, charred village, is far more affecting. It is not for lack of a dramatic subject that Mr. Caldwell has failed; it is because he has not translated an inherently strong, compelling subject into terms of fiction. (Duell, Sloan, and Pearce, New York. \$2.50)

## The Cupid On The Stairs by Howard Patch

► Howard Patch has attempted a satire on certain fairly common American types, types which invite the slashing surgery of scorn. His principal characters are four self-centered, middle-aged people, prosperous, respectable more or less, but having no idea of what life is all about. One is a promiscuous animal, a fading, pompous Don Juan. The others are bored and dissatisfied fools who do some nervous, surreptitious huffing and puffing at the graying fires of sexual passion.

Now satire to be good should be at once recognizable as such. It should not be burlesque, of course, but it should be brisk, salty, reasonably outrageous, and consistent. Witness the incomparable Evelyn Waugh. Mr. Patch's satire is inclined to be stodgy and fumbling. He makes the fatal mistake of trying to mix with it some very bald and highly colored preaching. He also half-heartedly attempts a reformation of his characters at the story's close. Intermittently his book crackles and blazes with a wicked light. But only intermittently. The synthetic tears of the death scene put out the fire once and for all. (Sheed and Ward, New York. \$2.50)

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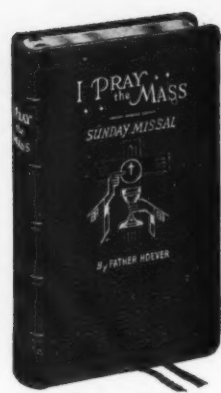
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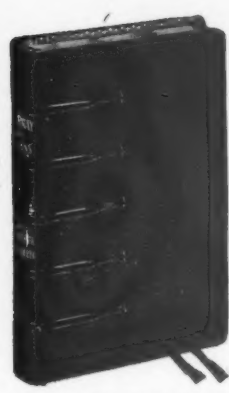
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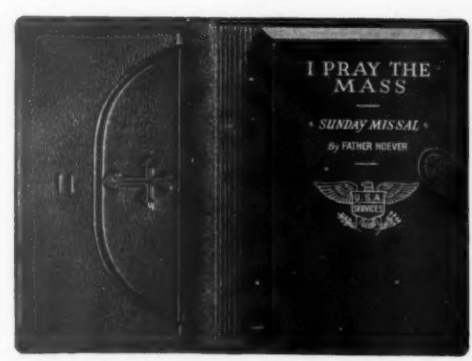


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PRAYER 33

on us. For Thou only art holy: Thou only art the Lord: Thou only, O Jesus Christ, art most high, together with the Holy Spirit ✠ in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

The Priest kisses the Altar, and, turning to the people, says:

P. The Lord be with you.  
S. And with thy spirit.

At the right side of the Altar he says:

P. Let us pray.

PRAYER

● Turn to — PRAYER — Today's Mass. ●

After having read the Prayer, follow the ARROW (→) and continue to read Epistle, Gradual, Alleluia or Tract.

The Priest returns to the center of the Altar and, bowing down, says:

Prayer **CLEANSE MY HEART**

**C**LEANSE my heart and my lips, O Almighty God, who didst cleanse the lips of the Prophet Isaias with a burning coal; and vouchsafe, through Thy gracious mercy, so to

Illustrating actual page of "I Pray the Mass."



## OUR SECOND FRONT



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